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THE RUSSIAN CIRCULAR.

The first remark to be made on this important document is that "our august master" takes very high ground. At first sight the paper seems drawn up merely as a preliminary to a new and general reign of peace, but soon it slides into complaints, and with complaints it ends. After finding fault with the relation of France and England to Greece and Naples, and showing that to find this fault is his real object, Prince Gortschakoff goes on,—“As to the employment of our material forces, the Emperor reserves to himself his free judgment.” Of course he does; but what then? So do all great Powers. Does the Czar mean that he will use his free judgment,

if he likes, in driving us out of the Piræus or the Bay of Naples? Does he mean that he will interfere by force in favour of Bomba? If so, Europe may prepare for a row, compared with which the late Two Years War was child's play. It was indeed a very short war,—only that there was a great deal crammed into it, which we thought the Russian authorities had not yet forgotten.

People hear the cry of “wolf” so often—the animal (if any) turning out to be a jackass—that they are slow to believe in alarms of danger. This was eminently the case before the war, when we absolutely blundered into hostilities, contrary to general expectation. It will be the case now. The knowing fellows will shake their heads

and say, that Pam's indignation at Bomba is a trick for a political object—that he is no more a revolutionist than the porter at the Bank (knowing his place too well)—and that everything, as it has begun in hypocrisy, will end in compromise. But the passions of a great nation are not to be trifled with harmlessly; they cannot be, without mischief, inflamed in this kind of way. The English have been asked to see justice done to a brutal despot, and if they meddle in the matter, will meddle once and for all.

Before, however, saying anything more of the Bomba matter, we must notice the view taken in this manifesto of the Hellenic occupation. The complaint is premature. It was natural that Greece



OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS, NO. IV.—ADORNING THE CHAMBER—(FROM A DESIGN BY KENNY MEADOWS.)

should be subjected to the occupation, and simply because Greece had become a Russian province. Without going back now to the policy pursued of old towards that people (which, however well meant, has turned out very troublesome to Europe), we may assert as a matter quite clear that the present Government of Greece is a failure. It was determined that Otho should have the Crown in days when the world believed that everything could be done by constitutions or constitutional influence. The result has been a country which is a parody on the civilised world;—in which a race that had lost everything of slavery but its vices, has been under a régime which had nothing of constitutionalism but its weaknesses. Of course, such a land—inhabited by country barbarians that are wild, and town ones that are knowing and rascally—was just the place for Russian intrigues. These progressed so well, that, when the war broke out, the West found itself hated and opposed on principle, by a race that it had emancipated from sentimental generosity. Such being the position, we have a right (the right which is given by political necessity) to see that Greece is put in a fair way to be a safe neighbour before we leave her to herself.

Now, we are no advocates for habitual "intervention;" we only look on this Grecian one as a special necessity, growing out of the war. But is the tone of the Russian manifesto one that can decently be cringed to by the Powers? We think not. There is something offensively haughty about it, and we are tempted to ask on what it is that Russia is secretly relying when she assumes it? Is it on the notion or hope that the French and English alliance is in a precarious condition?—that the time is come for Napoleon to take his place as a regular member of the despotic system?—and for England to be pulled for her general political continuity?

Nothing would now more gratify the Russian diplomatists than a want of unity between France and England. But unless the people of this country have been duped to a degree unparalleled in recent times, the two Governments are really agreed on the main point—that is, on the propriety of checking Bomba—a feat from which they can scarcely retreat now with common decency. *In re King Bomba the Circular has a most significant, a most explicit, paragraph:—*

"As to the kingdom of Naples, if the question is not to find a remedy, it appears to us that it is time to seek a means of prevention. The King of Naples is the object of a pressure, not because his Majesty may have transgressed any one of the engagements imposed on him by treaties with foreign Courts, but because, in the exercise of his incontestable rights of sovereignty, he governs his subjects as he thinks proper."

If this doctrine be true, the King is beyond criticism, simply as a king; but this doctrine nobody believes. In the "exercise of his incontestable rights of sovereignty," Bomba has gradually made himself the danger of Italy, the scandal of Europe, and the opprobrium of his caste. What "rights" can any individual have apart from the interests of his neighbours, in days like ours? If a man burns assaetida in his house on the plea that he can do what he likes with his own, his neighbours are right to indict him as a nuisance. Bomba maddens his subjects, inflames Italy, encourages Austria to crowd her troops into it,—and all because he is personally a tyrant. He is *hostis humani generis*, and out of the pale of courtesy.

Let us remember that we are now committed to doing something. How far our immediate action ought to go we pointed out last week. Let our ambassadors be withdrawn, and let the necessary number of ships be in the neighbourhood for the protection of the subjects of the Allies. That will clear the account as between us and the tyrant; the account between the tyrant and his subjects must be left to themselves. Events will then develop, and new situations will give rise to new suggestions.

Whether among these new situations the presence of a Russian fleet is to be one, nobody can yet say confidently; but the crisis is far from a pleasant one. Russia is a great Power, and war is a great curse. Russia has the question—whether there shall be another war or not—in her own hands. Let us—without giving the least provocation by word or act—be quietly prepared for whatever "contingencies" may present themselves to us, while discharging the duty which we owe to the civilisation of Europe.

WEDDING CUSTOMS.

At what age does a girl first begin to think of a husband? From personal observation we should say, when she is about five years old. We have heard little things, hardly able to feed themselves without using their fingers, chatter, in the most natural manner possible, of their approaching weddings, and the kind of husbands they were to have. They must pick up their notions from the nurses or the fairy tales, or else they must come naturally, like long back hair and smooth chins.

Supposing you were to take a female infant as soon as it was weaned, and to lock it up in a room by itself, never allowing anybody to go near it, excepting a maiden lady of a severely acid turn of mind, who could pickle cucumbers by looking at them, and hated men as a monkey does red pepper; would a child brought up under these circumstances live to be ten without uttering the word husband? We would wager a pint of shrimps against all the fish in the sea, that she would not. Nevertheless, it would be a very interesting experiment, and we only wish we knew anybody who would be kind enough to lend us a baby so as to try it. We know where to find the maiden lady. She is fifty, does her hair up in crackers, and lives on tea.

Ask a boy of fourteen what are his notions of matrimony. If he condescends to give you a civil answer, you will be shocked to find that his ideas are of a mercenary character, and run upon a rich old widow who will die soon after their union, and leave him to spend, as he likes, the immense fortune he will inherit. But put a similar question to a young damsel of the same tender age; she will blush at first, but if you do not laugh and frighten her, she will soon give you a half-sentimental description of the delights of wedlock, including a minute account of how their house is to be furnished, what they are to have for dinner every day, and the parties and theatres they are to amuse themselves at. Certainly, there are a few young ladies who vow to lead a single life, so that they may never leave their dear parents, but they invariably outgrow these mental deformities, in the same way that they outgrow weak ankles and irregular teeth. Perhaps they only make the vow in the hope that some bold youth may put them to the test.

Between sixteen and eighteen, is certainly the most critical period in a young lady's existence; she is so full of affection, that she must love something. Many obtain a great relief in writing sonnets to daisies and violets, but their affections usually centre themselves upon a small pet dog or a bird; their hearts are like champagne in India, ready to pop and go off at the slightest opportunity. We knew a damsel of seventeen, who was seized with a violent and secret passion for the aged curate of the parish church, and passed half her time in a lonely summer-house, knitting red worsted night-caps, to keep his bald head warm. Another young lady of our acquaintance was taken dangerously ill from a maddening love for a portrait of Mr. Charles Kemble, in the character of Othello, and after having destroyed with her tears five proof impressions, was only cured of her romantic attachment by the disgusting flavour of the strengthening medicines her alarmed relatives insisted upon forcing down her throat. We have also been told of the daughter of a West Indian planter, who was left at school during the holidays, and being of a fiery disposition, employed her leisure by becoming deeply enamoured of the young man who was engaged to clean the boots and knives of the establishment, and if he had not been arrested for stealing the plate, she might possibly have sought his blockading hand in marriage. As it was, she always asserted that he was the

victim of a base conspiracy, and sent him, carriage paid, a jar of hot pickles to console him in his prison hours.

One proof that the thoughts of young ladies are constantly running upon the youths they are to marry, is to be found in the long list of ceremonies they have from time immemorial indulged in, to discover the name, income, and personal appearance of their intended lords. We could, if we liked, fill a volume with these divining customs; but to prove the truth of what we assert, we will merely mention four or five of them. On Allhallow Eve, for instance, they used to burn, and in simple country places, with no nutmegs near, they still burn nuts, to obtain propitious omens touching matrimony. If the nuts burn still and burn together, it prognosticates a happy union, or a hopeful love; if, on the contrary, they bounce and fly asunder, it means that the sooner the lady forgets the gentleman, the better for her ease of mind. Gay, in the "Spell," makes a forward young woman say to her swain—

"Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each I gave a sweetheart's name,
This with the loudest bounce we saw amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blazed.
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow,
For it was *THY* nut that did so brightly glow."

Girls also made trial of the fidelity of their "young men," by sticking an apple pip on each cheek, and the one which fell to the ground first, indicated that the youth whose name it bore meant nothing serious, but was only trifling with the best feelings of her nature.

When a damsel wishes to know whether she will marry the man she likes, the "true fortune teller" informs us that she must get the peels of two lemons, and wear them all day one in each pocket, and at night rub the four parts of the bedstead with them. If she is to succeed, the person will appear to her in her sleep, and with a manly, yet respectful bow, present her with a couple of lemons. If he does not do this, she had better console herself by eating the lemon peel and forgetting the fellow.

"Mother Bunche's Closet newly Broke Open," sold so many copies, that the publisher started a gig at the 900th edition. It was filled with directions for discovering who "he" was, what "he" was like, and whether "he" would be faithful and true. If a beautiful but mercenary maiden desired to know "what manner of fortune" she would marry, whether he was to be every inch of him a gentleman, or a traveller who had seen strange sights, or an honourable shopkeeper who never resorted to untradesmanlike tricks, all she had to do was to grate together a walnut, a hazel nut, and a nutmeg, and mix up the powder with butter and sugar into pills, "to be taken at bedtime." If it was her destiny to marry a "gent," she would dream of nothing else but gold, and silver, and diamond necklaces; if he was to be a tradesman, her repose would be disturbed by odd noises and tumults, like a dispute over a bad shilling; if a traveller, then she would have a nightmare, hear the most terrific thunder, and see the most terrific lightning, such as he himself will some day describe to her, when, after their union, he tells her of his fearful shipwreck off the Isle of Wight, and how he passed the night on the top of the Needles, with nothing to protect him from the inclemency of the weather, but a supplement of the "Times" newspaper and a bunch of keys.

This same old mother Bunche was the first to advise her million female readers to get up at one o'clock in the morning of St. Agnes's day, if they would have a peep at their intended ones. They were to go to the church door and put the forefinger of the right hand into the key hole, and then repeat the following words thrice,

"O, sweet St. Agnes, now draw near,
And with my true love straight appear."

Then the swain was sure to approach with a smiling countenance, and his hair neatly parted down the middle, and inquire why she was out at so late an hour, and which day would be most convenient for her to have the marriage celebrated upon.

A nasty, but certain, method was to get a fine long-horned snail, which was to be placed on the hearth, and, if all went right, the slimy creature would write the name of the future husband, in a fine scrawl, among the ashes.

There are thousands of these directions, each one of which has been tried a thousand times. If we only knew what is going on, at this very moment there are no doubt hundreds of girls consulting love oracles every whit as absurd as those recommended by good Mother Bunche. It is about this season of the year that maidens used to go out into the lanes gathering crab apples from the hedges, to find out when their husband is coming. Perhaps, even while we are writing, young ladies are tearing their frocks, scrambling after the sour fruit, which they will carry home, and then arrange as the initials of their supposed suitors' names. If this crabbed writing was not disturbed for the next ten days, then the poor silly things used to give way to the fondest hopes. We fancy, however, that now-a-days young ladies who have been properly brought up at boarding-schools don't put faith in such absurd love oracles as these.

Next to being married herself, a young lady most delights in seeing her friends go through the solemn operation. We have observed hungry little boys, who had evidently not dined, watch outside a parlour window for hours those eating within. They appeared to derive a great consolation in seeing others enjoy what they themselves most desired. It is the same with young ladies when they are present at a wedding; it comforts them by making them think that they formed part of the delightful ceremony. Where is the little damsel who would not give her longest ringlet to be appointed a bridesmaid? She would jump at the offer, like a trout at a fly. The amount of exertion young ladies will go through on these occasions, is something marvellous. There is a case on record of two young ladies, who officiated as bridesmaids at a Highland wedding, and who, though not above fourteen years of age, performed a journey of thirty-one miles in going to and returning from the church, and besides this exertion, stopped up all night dancing reels. The hardest overworked letter-carrier could not have endured half this fatigue.

In ancient times the bridesmaids held a more important position at weddings than they do now. Alas! we have degenerated. In the present day as soon as the breakfast is finished, the married couple hurry off to the country, or abroad, to pass their honeymoon. The important duty of putting the happy pair to bed, has been abolished: the bridal couch is no longer blessed by the parish priest, neither is it decorated by the bridesmaids, nor are the company allowed to fling the stocking at the bride and bridegroom, to find out when their joyful turn will come.

Look at Mr. Kenny Meadows's illustration of bridesmaids dressing up the bridal bed, and say if it is not a shame that such a practice should be discontinued. They are going through their duties with an enthusiasm, which shows that they, like the late Mr. Rothschild, make a pleasure of business. By the time they have used up all the riband, the couch will look as bright and gay as a summer-house in July; as though a multitude of brilliant creeping plants were climbing up the bed posts, making it a veritable arbour of love. Such delightful ceremonies have the effect of giving an additional importance to a marriage. What husband could forget his vows after he had been *felicitated* with such romantic splendour?

In an old work called "The Fifteen Comforts of Marriage," we are told that everything depends on choosing the colours of the ribands to be used in dressing up the bridal bed. The author quotes a discussion that took place among some bridesmaids, as to the ribands to be used. "Not with yellow ribands," said they, "these are the emblems of jealousy; not with *Peauille mort*, that signifies fading love; but with true blue, that signifies constancy, and green denotes youth—put them both together, and there is youthful constancy." One lady present at this discussion proposed black and blue, which, although they might now-a-days signify fighting, in olden days meant constancy till death; but it was objected to, as those colours never matched. Violet was also rejected to be as being too grave; and at last they concluded to mingle a gold tissue with grass green, "which latter signifies youthful jollity," and everybody understands the true meaning of gold. Such customs as these were good for three reasons:—first, because they frightened the bridesmaids and flattered the bride; and, thirdly, because they did good to trade and upheld the riband interest. Then, again, what possible harm could result from the pastime of "Flinging the Stocking?" It has helped to settle many a damsel comfortably in life, through putting notions in the heads of the youths, and encouraging them to make the fatal proposal. It was practised in the last century with the greatest advantage to spinsters.

The operation was performed in the following manner:—The men took the bride's stockings, and the women those of the bridegroom. They then seated themselves at the foot of the bed with their backs to the married couple, and threw the stockings over their heads. The author of a book, with the most extraordinary title ever imagined, "The West Country Clothier undone by a Peacock," says:—

"The intent of flinging thus the hose,
Is to hit him or her of th' nose."

Whenever anybody hit the owner of the stockings, it was looked upon as an omen that the person would be married in a short time; and, says the writer of a work entitled "Hymen," "though this ceremony is looked upon as mere play and foolery, new marriages are often occasioned by such accidents."

"Who hits the mark thus o'er left shoulder,
Must married be, ere twelve months older."

Listen to what Bishop Taylor, of "blessed and immortal memory," says of marriage, and then say if anything, even though it be "mere play," which occasions it, ought not to be encouraged, since the result is so beneficial:—

"Marriage is a school and exercise of virtue; and though marriage hath cares, yet the single life hath desires, which are more troublesome and more dangerous, and often end in sin; while the cares are but instances of duty, and exercise of piety. * * * But the state of marriage hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society, and the union of hands and hearts. It hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety than the single life; it hath more care but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burthens are delightful."

Further on he tells us that "marriage is the nursery of heaven," and also that it is "the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, and churches and heaven itself." Talking of the sorrows of the bachelor, he says:—"Celebrate, like a fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness; but sits alone, and is confused, and dies in singularity."

As we so strongly advocate the cause of matrimony, perhaps it would not be amiss to give husbands a recipe for knowing whether they are beloved by their wives. It is not our own discovery, for as we have over and over again remarked, we are single—"a fly in the heart of an apple." We are indebted to the late Dr. A. Hunter for the discovery. He says: "Women who love their husbands generally lie upon their right side." In a note he adds, "I can only speak from experience of one, and as regards her, the observation is true."

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

THE circular-note of Prince Gortschakoff has made a great sensation in Paris; what effect it will have on the course of the "Inscrutable One's" ideas on the Neapolitan Question remains to be seen. His Majesty was to have left Biarritz on Tuesday for Bordeaux, the departure being signalled by a dramatic representation in the Bayonne Theatre, and a grand review. The determination of the Emperor to remain so long from Paris has excited some gossip; it is assigned to a desire of depriving Paris of that political importance it has enjoyed so long, and which it has abused so often.

It was announced that the deportations to Cayenne had been discontinued, but that grateful piece of news is now contradicted.

A treaty has been concluded between France and Denmark, by which a strip of land in Iceland is ceded to France.

It is rumoured that Baron Hübnér is expected at Marseilles from Naples, on his way to Biarritz, to wait on the Emperor.

Prince Napoleon is daily expected to arrive at Havre from his excursion to the Northern Ocean. His Imperial Highness is somewhat fatigued in his general health by so long a voyage.

M. Jerome Bonaparte left the port of Havre yesterday for the United States in the *Arago* steamer, bound for New York.

SPAIN.

SPANISH affairs are in pretty much the same position as when we last reported on them. Under an imposing show of unanimity and strength, there is evidently nothing stable in the O'Donnell administration, and on all hands its collapse is confidently expected.

The Cadiz journal announces that the sequestration on the property of the Queen-Mother was to be shortly removed.

A private letter from Madrid mentions that a person named Mora had been arrested and imprisoned by the civil authorities in that city, on the charge of "professing the Protestant religion." He is described as a British subject, though it is doubtful whether such is the fact. He is also said to be an agent of one of the evangelical societies.

RUSSIA.

THE Grand Duke Constantine is to accompany the Empress-Dowager of Russia to Nice. Several months ago it was decided that a Russian flotilla should be stationed near the place which might be selected for the winter residence of the Empress, in order that she might take refuge on board of it in case of a revolution, seeing that Italy, although its climate at this season is necessary to the august widow of the Czar Nicholas, is the very country in which revolutionary agitation is now most to be apprehended.

The Emperor has addressed letters to the inhabitants of Ekaterinoslav, Cherson, the Taurida, and Bessarabia, thanking them for the patriotism of which they had lately given proof.

A nautical observatory has been founded at Cronstadt. A commission of maritime construction has been appointed.

A St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Cracow Czar* states that it is the intention of the Russian Government shortly to adopt the Gregorian calendar in place of that which at present makes Russian dates twelve days later than those of western Christendom.

A Russian commissariat officer has absconded from St. Petersburg with 150,000 roubles.

DENMARK.

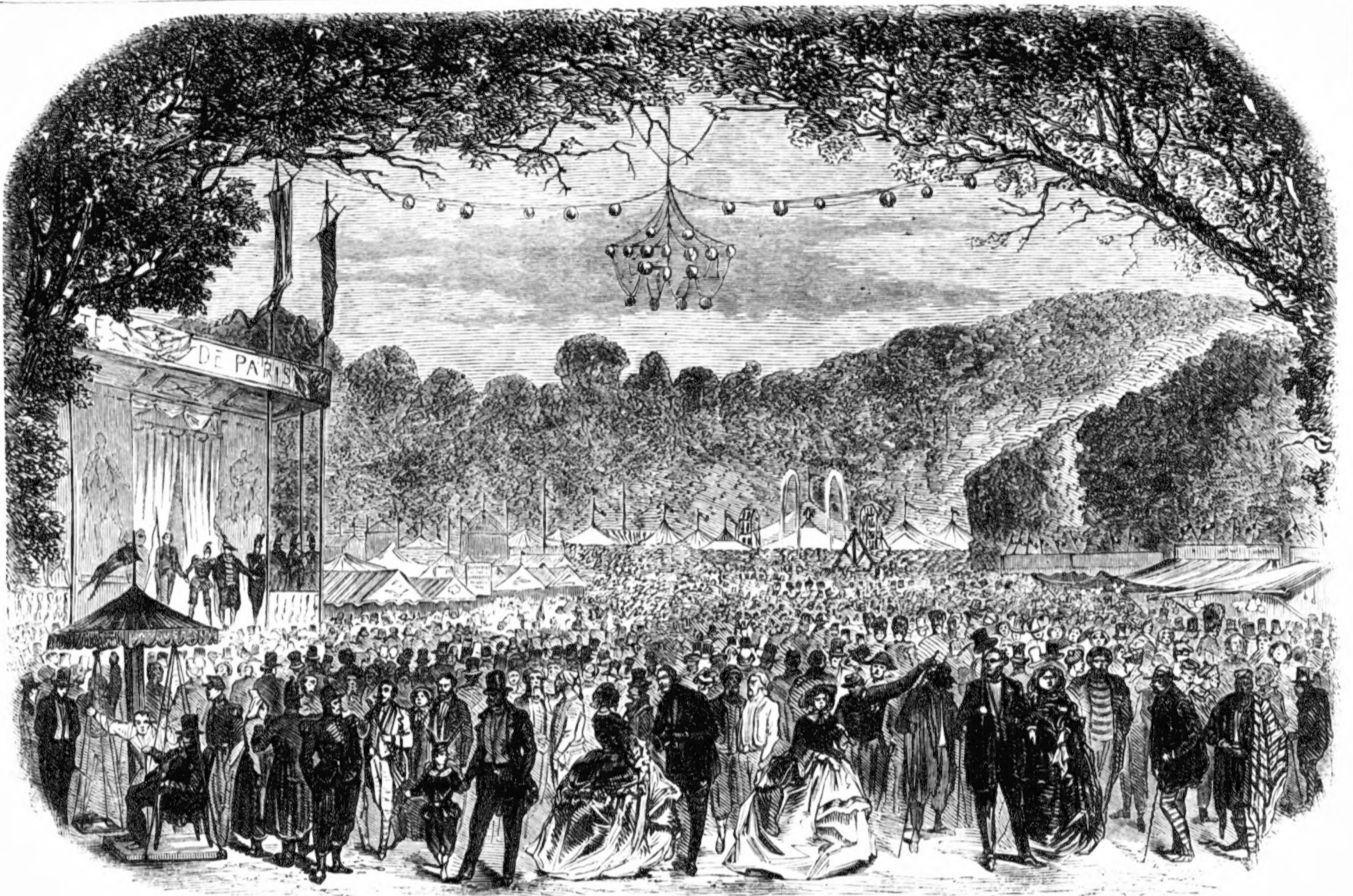
ALL the Ministers, with the exception of M. von Scheele, have resigned, the President of the Council having placed their collective resignation in the hands of his Majesty. The real cause of this split in the cabinet is not yet known, but it is very generally rumoured that it is connected with certain proposals for changing the law of succession in order to unite eventually the three Scandinavian kingdoms under one dynasty.

ITALY.

THE Neapolitan question is the question of the day, and assumes more importance every hour. His Majesty of Naples, relying on his "incontestable right to govern his people as he thinks proper," refuses to cede anything to humanity or to common sense; and if the omens of the hour are to be trusted, is blundering into a difficulty in which all Europe must participate. Remonstrances having proved fruitless, the diplomatic Hübnér having failed, action immediately threatens. A despatch from Marseilles announces that the vessels destined to form part of the squadron for Naples were assembled at Toulon, awaiting the signal for departure. It adds, that the news is confirmed that Piedmont will also send a naval force to the Gulf of Naples. Meanwhile, Russia steps in to confirm the infatuated King of Naples in his obstinacy, and to assert that most unfavourable influence which Russia is so famous for exercising over the politics of Europe. The journals of Northern Europe state that a Russian squadron will at once enter the Mediterranean, ostensibly as a guard of honour to the Dowager Empress, who is about to reside for a time at Nice. This statement has been made before; but the fact, were it confirmed, would assume a new interest, viewed in the light reflected from Prince Gortschakoff's circular. At present, however, we know nothing of this squadron but from Russian rumours.

The Neapolitan Minister at the Court of Austria, Prince Petrucci, has forwarded his resignation to Naples.

Sunday, the 31st of August, was an important day for Toulouse. Toulouse had hitherto been shut out of civilised life so far, that it remained pri-



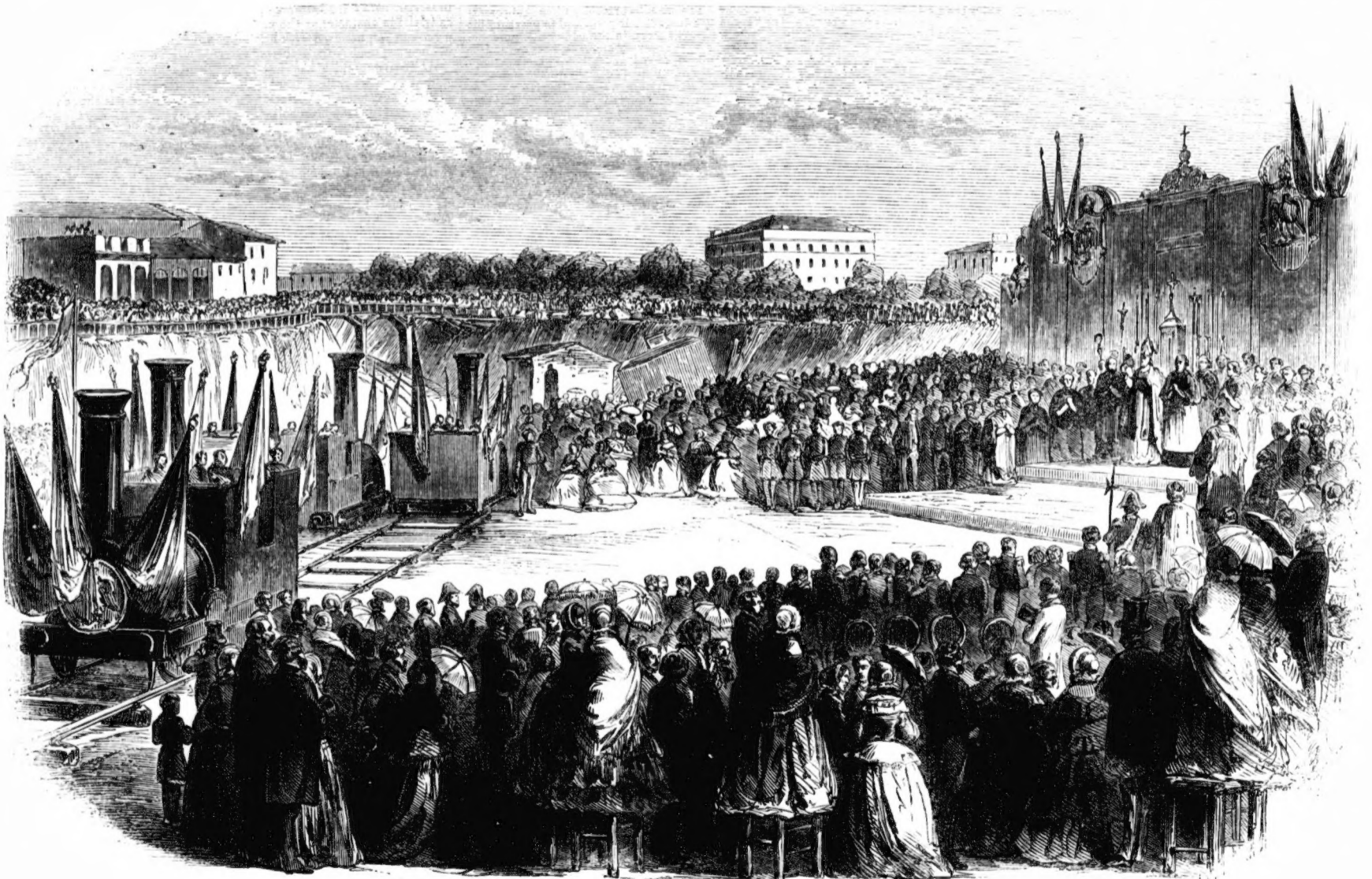
FAIR AT ST. CLOUD.

merely innocent of railways; a fact which, though it may say much for the calm of Toulouse, by no means vouches for its commercial activity. At length the day dawned when even this simple and contented city threw off its bashful rusticity, and received into its arms a locomotive; or rather, Toulouse, with much celebration, dismissed the locomotive from its arms. The locomotive, with a long tail of carriages, winged its flight to Agen, and having there flirted with the triumphal arches erected in its honour, flew back to the longing citizens of Toulouse. The station here was thronged with enthusiastic people; and altogether—though unfinished,

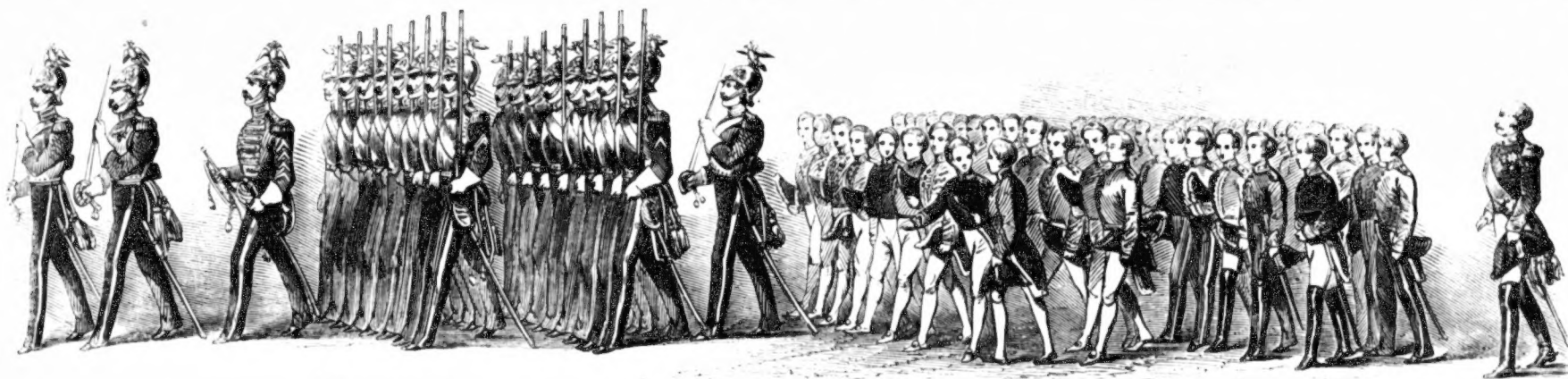
and as it were, in "curl papers"—wore a most festive and bridal appearance.

And to carry out the bridal idea, the union of Toulouse to Agen and the civilised world, was blessed by the church. A temporary altar was erected in the interior of the station, and facing the line of rail; and here the *élite* of Toulouse congregated to sanction the ceremony by the respectability of their presence. The locomotives, four in number and hung with flags, were drawn up on the rails, awaiting the arrival of the priests. Presently, Monsigneur the Archbishop, followed by his

clergy, advanced toward the altar; at the same moment, a signal was given, and the four enormous engines, docile as powerful, advanced to a position immediately opposite the altar. This scene we have illustrated, as it was certainly a striking one, and most seemly. Every sound was hushed as the engines came to a standstill, and the Archbishop commenced the ceremony common on such occasions. The address over, prayers were chanted, and the people blessed, and the inauguration was complete. General Count Roquet, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, was present to take part in the memorable event.



CEREMONY AT THE OPENING OF THE VILLENEUVE D'AGEN AND TOULOUSE RAILWAY.



1. CHEVALIER GUARDS.

2. IMPERIAL PAGES.

GOVERNOR OF THE PAGES.



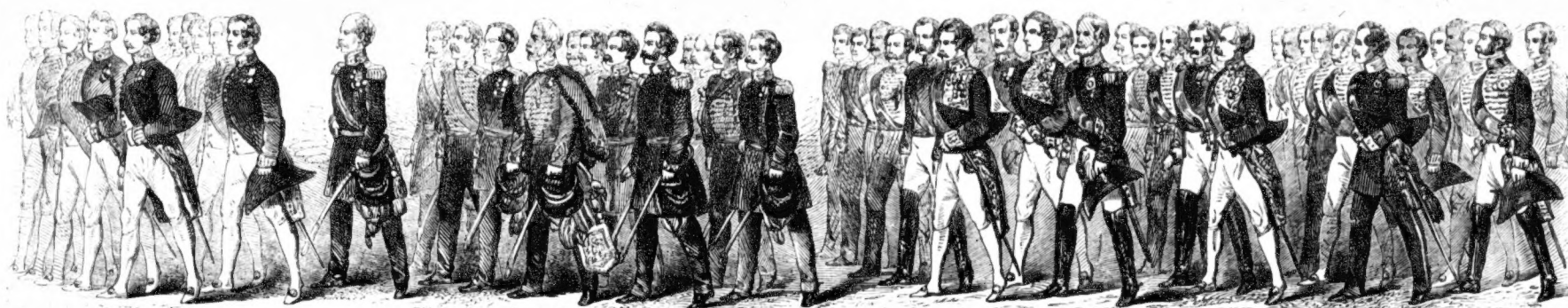
3. MASTERS OF THE CEREMONIES.

4. CROWN PEASANTS.

5. SENIOR MERCHANTS OF THE RUSSIAN GUILDS.

6. FOREIGN MERCHANTS.

7. THE CIVIC FUNCTIONARIES AND MAGISTRACY. 8. GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS

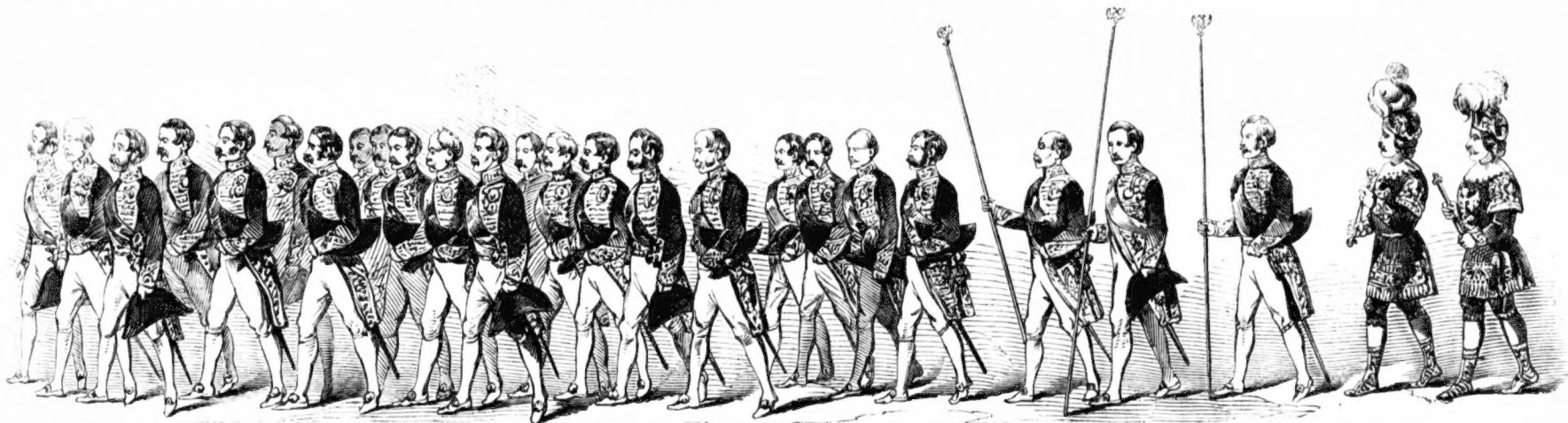


9. DEPUTATION FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF MOSCOW.

10. DEPUTATION OF COSSACKS OF THE DON

11. THE MARSHALS OF THE NOBILITY

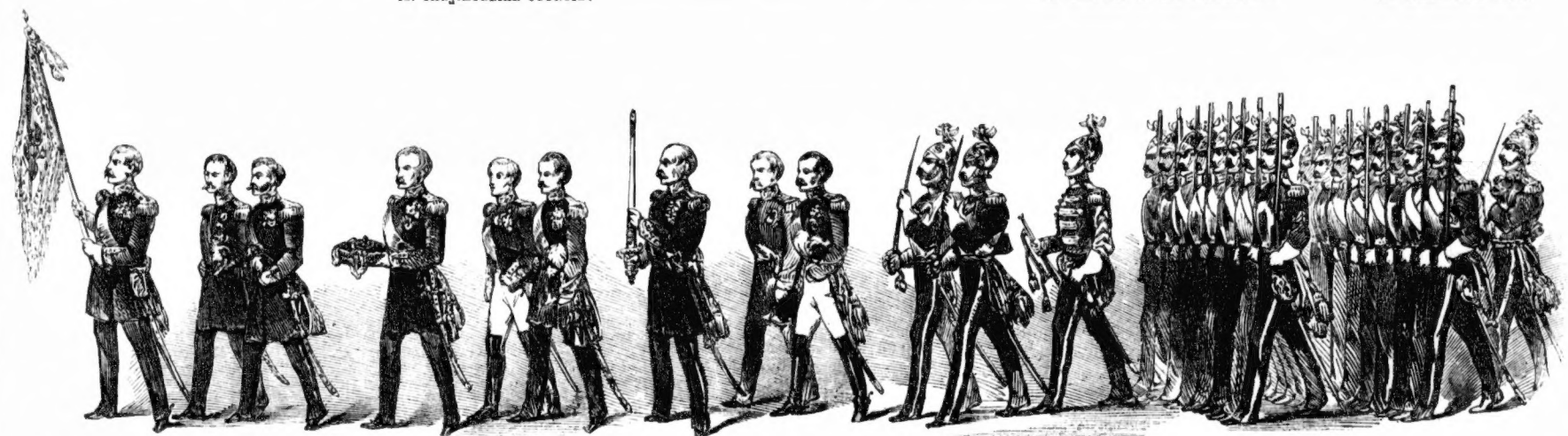
12. THE SENATE.



13. THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL.

14. MASTERS OF THE CEREMONIES.

15. HERALDS AT ARMS.



16. THE IMPERIAL STANDARD

17. THE IMPERIAL SEAL.

18. THE IMPERIAL SWORD.

19. CHEVALIER GUARDS.

THE CZAR'S CORONATION PROCESSION.

THE one scene connected with the Coronation of the Emperor Alexander II. which awakened perhaps the widest interest among the thousands of spectators who were fortunate enough to witness it, was at the period when the magnificent imperial procession emerged from the north gate of the Cathedral of the Assumption, after the coronation ceremony was concluded, and the celebration of mass had been brought to a close. First came a peloton of the Chevalier Garde, in the magnificent costume of the corps, the sun flashing down upon their gilt casques, with silver eagle-crests, gilt cuirasses, and showing off their white coats and dark blue trousers with red stripes; then forty-eight imperial pages, followed by their military governor; next a couple of tall masters of the ceremonies holding before them their long wands of office. Succeeding these came the deputation of crown peasants, and the senior merchants of the Russian guilds—these representatives of Old Russia being dressed in the national costume, in long coats and odd-looking hats, and many of them boasting splendid beards. The foreign merchants followed close behind, and after these came the various civic functionaries and members of the magistracy; then a whole tribe of government officials; and next deputations of the different colleges comprising the University of Moscow—all the foregoing individuals wore white breeches and stockings, and carried in their hands odd-looking cocked hats. Then came a corps of Cossacks of the Don, with their helmet marching at their head. The marshals of the nobility followed the Cossacks; afterwards came the members of the Senate and the Imperial Council; then more tall masters of the ceremonies, and after these a couple of heralds-at-arms in curious stage dresses. A distinguished general next appears, carrying the splendid imperial standard, and accompanying him are two officers of inferior rank. Another general follows, bearing on a crimson velvet cushion the great seal of the empire, with two officers in attendance upon him. Then comes the sword-bearer, with his like attendant officers, and following these is another detachment of the Chevalier Garde. Two marshals of the court carrying wands now give us notice that the Emperor himself is close at hand. The arch-marshal of the Coronation is next seen, and soon the imperial canopy comes in sight, amid the tolling of bells, the flourish of trumpets, and the cries of the delighted people. In front of it walks the newly-crowned Czar, in military uniform, wearing the imperial mantle, and with the massive imperial crown upon his head, and bearing the orb and sceptre in his hands. He is attended by some of the grand dukes and various generals, and his train is borne by officers of the imperial household. The canopy beneath which the Emperor walks is upheld by sixteen general officers, assisted by colonels of regiments of the rank of general-major. The Empress is attired in a white robe studded with the finest jewels, with a mantle of silver and ermine thrown over her shoulders, and a small crown upon her head. Following her are her ladies of honour and the chamberlains of the court; then comes another peloton of the Chevalier Garde, with a whole troop of nobles in magnificent costumes. A singular interruption to the splendour of the ceremony now presents itself in the persons of the representatives of the fraternity of artisans, and manufacturers, and Russian shopkeepers. Following these is a fourth detachment of Chevalier Gardes, which brings the magnificent imperial procession to a close. All the while the procession was moving past, the flourish of trumpets, the strains of the numerous bands, the cheers of the people, the measured hurrahs of the soldiery, the roll of drums, the clang of bells, deafened the ears and almost overwhelmed the senses.

THE CORONATION FETES.

THE programme of the Russian festivals became, long ere they were brought to a conclusion, a most weary document. To follow out in description the balls, dinners, and all the other inventions for pleasure's sake, which have exhausted every soul in Moscow, will scarcely do; we must confine ourselves to those features of the festivities which possess a broad interest. Chief among these is the

DINNER TO THE ARMY.

This banquet was given by the *Marchande de Ville*, the bourgeoisie, &c., on the 16th instant. The Salle d'Exercice was the field of operations in this case—an enormous hall intended for the drill of the troops during the severity of winter. The length of the hall is 568 feet. It was here that the officers were entertained. One of the boulevards outside the Kremlin was covered with canvas, and formed into a series of long rooms, in which 3,500 soldiers—ten from each battalion—sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by the same hosts.

This banquet afforded another proof of the powers of absolutism. Kitchens were run up in a twinkling; and in order that there might be no hitch the cooks were drilled and the proceedings rehearsed the day before, not with real plates, and joints, and soups, but with dummies, just as Suvarrow used to make his recruits charge mock Mussulmans. Inside the arrangements were equally good. The gravel on which men and horses exercise was covered over with an excellent smooth floor, on which was laid a carpet of scarlet or red cloth. The walls of the building were hung with drapery of the same colour and material, and a range of spacious galleries was erected for those who had tickets for the ceremony. All the length of the hall, small trees or plants, such as laurel, myrtle, and pines, were ranged in bouquets, and single flowers in glasses were profusely used in the decoration of the tables. At the extremity of the hall there was a raised dais, seated on which the Emperor and the generals feasted. There were thirty-two tables, glittering with silver plate, at the upper end of the hall, and forty at the lower end, the space between the two being occupied at the sides by the orchestra.

The galleries were filled with ladies and with civilians, but in the hall itself not a man appeared, except the waiters and civil musicians, who were not in full uniform. The officers sat down as they pleased, and were not obliged to take their places by regiments, so that the effect of the many different uniforms of the Guard—the Chevaliers, the Grenadiers à Cheval, the Cuirassiers of the Guard, of the Empress, the Hussars of Grodno, the Lancers of the Guard, the various infantry regiments with different facings, mixed together, was very various and striking.

At about four o'clock, the Emperor, dressed as a general of division, and followed by a large staff, made his appearance. The company at once stood up at attention, and the Czar, preceded by his suite, walked slowly up the immense avenue of soldiers to the seat prepared for him. He bowed to the right and to the left as he passed in return to the mute greetings of his faithful servants. Not a sound was uttered, for it is contrary to etiquette to cheer unless on certain occasions. His aides-de-camp-general, generals, and the officers attached to the Imperial house followed, and took their places at the upper tables, where most of the great soldiers of the Empire who could be spared or could come to the banquet were already assembled. The bands played the National Anthem, and dinner was served on silver plate.

It was like all very large public dinners. Even in Russia there is no evading the immutable laws of nature and society. Thus, the guests at the upper table had every luxury hot and comfortable, while those at the lower tables were growing at irregular service and cold soup. Some said the dinner was bad and the wines good—others just *vice versa*. In either case, nobody could be entirely pleased. After dinner the usual loyal toasts were drunk with immense enthusiasm and cheering; they were of the customary character—to the Emperor, to the Empress, to the members of the Imperial family, to ourselves, and then his Majesty retired, and the company broke up. At none of these dinners were the merchants who provided them present.

The dinner to the 2,500 soldiers in the Kremlin garden went off with equal order and less noise; and it is satisfactory to be able to record that, unlike a recent similar entertainment in London, there was enough and to spare for all the guests. Each soldier had soup, two kinds of meat, pastry, and *pain a discretion*, and for the lubricatory process a bottle of sherry and a bottle of beer; and the despatch with which the liberal allowance of solids and fluids was demolished by the sun-burnt heroes of Sebastopol was one of the most amusing features in the whole day's festivities.

THE GREAT DINNER TO THE MUJIKS.

A select party of two hundred thousand people is a thing not to be seen every day; and to those at a distance, who could not have been present in the body, a few details of the great "Fest du Peuple" may not prove uninteresting.

It has been said that the most threatening *emule* may often be nipped in the bud by the well-directed hose of a fire-engine, but if all the fire-engines in Europe, and America to boot, had been brought into requisition on the morning of the feast, they could not have given the crowd so thorough a soaking as did the pitiless rain, which from "morn to dewy eve" had been saturating sheepskins, soaking through caftans, and drenching military uniforms all through, in the great plain of the Kadinka, which had been chosen as the site of the coronation banquet. Nevertheless, at an early hour "black people" covered the *trouvier* like a plague of locusts, ten times as numerous as the many pilgrims to Greenwich Fair, but looking as serious as judges, and evidently making abstruse mental calculations as to how much of the anticipated provender would fall to their several shares. They were all out to-day, gentle and simple. There was the rough mujik of the plains in his sheepskin coat, shapeless, indescribable hat, and bearded like a patriarch. Little cares he about social or political problems. Close behind him followed the fair partner of his joys and sorrows, looking for all the world like a bundle of faded calico, mounted on elephantine legs, and furnished with a capacious basket to contain the anticipated spoils of the "Festin." Then there was the mujik of the town, tall and slim, in well-worn caftan, and trudging along with that shuffling gait which long practice on the most abominable pavement in the world has made second nature. There is a restless activity in his eye, a studied servility in his manner, that bespeaks the man who runs errands, sleeps in doorways in summer, and in stoves, like a salamander, in winter, cringes like a spaniel when you look at him, and asks for "Tsché" the moment your features relax into the faintest approximation to a smile. Lastly, there was the mujik well to do, clad in Lincoln green, and with hat of unexceptionable beaver, who keeps his own droschki and drives a prosperous trade in the Vertskoi. He is worth his 200,000 roubles, perhaps, affects diamonds, and has his daughter learning the piano and the four languages. But the sword of Damocles hangs over his head by a single hair, as the rough country boyard, to whom he owes fealty, may at any time cancel his "pass" and recall him to the roughest labour of rural life—or perhaps send him off for a soldier. On they went in a never-ending stream, the poor trudging steadily through fluid mud, the well-to-do dashing, splashing on their neat droschki behind horses that would raise a shout of admiration in Hyde Park. The whole of the roadway was covered with equipages for miles, every successive one of which offered some new variety of vehicular monstrosity. One would have thought that all the odd-looking vehicles and all the fine horses in the world had been collected for the accommodation of this leviathan dinner party.

On the actual "festive plain" a large space had been railed off, in the centre of which was a handsome pavilion for the accommodation of the Emperor and his family, and round it, on three sides, were covered galleries for the accommodation of other distinguished lookers-on. Several miles of tables surrounded the enclosure on every side, and on them were placed sheep roasted whole, standing bolt upright, and with their horns gilded ready for the sacrifice. With them were alternated great mountains of bread, and here and there dwarf pine trees, from which hung in tempting festoons the savoury sausages so dear to Sarmatian palates. Pails of beer decorated every corner in which there was room for them to stand, and round this tempting feast the tantalised mujiks clustered, impatient to begin. At the angles of each square, formed by the arrangement of the tables, stood the fountains from which wine and vodka were to flow—liquids which the rain from above was rapidly diluting to a most harmless degree of stimulus. For the amusement of the young people, there were the *Montagnes Russes*, the turnabouts, and the circus—and, wonderful instance of the pursuit of pleasures under difficulties, every one of these machines had constant employment. Then, there was the circus, under the Imperial pavilion, and the balloon, and the bands, that played with a perseverance worthy of finer weather.

Long before the arrival of the Emperor, the Grand Duke Constantine was on the ground, and the people, who, up to that moment had been kept at arm's length, clustered round his Imperial Highness, and craved him out of permission "just to look at the tables." They got in, and the consequence may be easily imagined. In the twinkling of an eye roast sheep, junks of beef, mountains of bread, sausage trees, and pails of beer, had all disappeared, and the mujiks were standing on the tables, with their mouths and pockets filled to bursting, and the empty beer pails on their heads for umbrellas. From the table-cloths the ladies had improvised flowing mantillas, and the audience was in comfortable condition to cheer the Emperor and enjoy the amusements provided. It is impossible to say how the sheep were dissected or the beef sliced, for no knives or forks were allowed for fear of accident. The obvious conclusion is that the division was effected in a very primitive manner. But amusing it was to speculate as to how one man had obtained the leg of mutton that peeped out of his breeches pocket, how another had performed the decapitation that had enabled him to clap a sheep's head, with gilded horns, on the top of his old hat.

All this while the Emperor had not arrived. At last, about two o'clock, the imperial *cortège* became visible, the land struck up the national hymn, the people cheered lustily, and the Emperor, followed by a brilliant but rather damp staff, rode rapidly into the enclosure. His Majesty rode round the enclosure, followed by his staff, and then dashing through an opening rode down amongst the people, who fell back like retiring waves on each side, and shook the dense atmosphere with their joyful recognition of this gracious proof of their sovereign's confidence in their loyalty and affection. The rain, which came down in a pitiless stream, was completely forgotten, and the people had a gleam of delight, the memory of which will sustain them until the next "Festin." Having made his rounds, the Emperor returned to the pavilion, and the sports of the circus began with an act of equitation by a female martyr in white muslin, who was drenched to the skin long before she had leaped through her paper balloon. Then the acrobats drooped over the tops of their poles like so many drowned rats, and the "Veteran Green" of the Moscow aeronautes struggled hard to make the gas inside his vast machine produce the proper amount of distension in spite of the collapsing influence of the water outside. At last a tolerable degree of rotundity was produced, the balloon lazily ascended, to be in a moment lost in the mist; and a signal from the Imperial pavilion pronounced the sports of the "Festin du Peuple" to have terminated. Then came the smashing of carriages, the kicking over of traces, the loud neighing of the wild horses, and the frantic calls for "Ivan" and "Basil," and "Constantin" and "Alexis." Fancy the Haymarket at the close of a Jenny Lind night, and the linkboys suddenly endued with the Slavonic dialect, and the rain coming down in torrents, and the ladies waiting muffled up in the vestibule, and the gentlemen craning out to see if the carriages are coming, and throw in a handful of bootishicks, and Cossacks, and gendarmes, and you will be able to realise the picture afforded by the grand wind up of the people's dinner party in the Kadinka.

THE PARIS CONFERENCE.—The "Nord" learns that the Conference of the second Plenipotentiaries of the Paris Congress—those Ministers of the Powers represented therein who reside in the French capital—will shortly be convoked, to regulate the questions left unsettled last April.

SAUDIATIA HAS resolved to place one of her ports at the disposal of Russian steamers.

SOURCES OF THE NILE.—The expedition to discover the sources of the Nile which the Viceroy of Egypt has initiated, and which has occupied for the last six months the attention of the learned of Europe—after delays inevitable to the development of such matters—has started. The Count d'Escayrac de L'Auture is entrusted with the command. The expenses of the expedition will be considerable, as the Viceroy has provided it with everything that can forward its success, and a sufficient escort will protect these missionaries of civilisation during their perilous expedition. Numerous boats with steamers will transport them up the Nile as far as the last point where the river is navigable. From England, France, Prussia, Austria, America, the Count has selected able scientific assistants, and ample supplies of instruments have been provided.

THE DOGS OF WAR.—No less than three different agents of three different Governments are at work in this country to secure the services of the Swiss and Germans on being disbanded. King Bomba is endeavouring to reinforce his Swiss Guards from the discharged Legion. The Argentine Republic are using strenuous efforts to draw the foreigners into their pay (?), and the Dutch Government are bidding for Swiss and Germans to fill up the gaps in their forces at Batavia. All sorts of dodges are being practised by German papers and revolutionary mercenaries to induce the Germans not to accept the liberal terms offered to them to become military settlers at the Cape.

RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY.

THE following important Russian circular-despatch has been addressed to Prince Gortschakoff to all the representatives of Russia at foreign Courts. It is dated Moscow, 2nd September:—

The treaty signed at Paris on the 30th of March, in putting an end to the struggle, the proportions of which threatened to extend still further, and the final issue of which was beyond human calculations, has re-established international relations in Europe. The Powers who had conspired against us, taken as their motto, respect for the right and independence of governments. We do not pretend to enter into an historical examination of this question, but it is our intention to raise a sterile discussion, but merely to arrive at the practical application of the same principles which the great Powers of Europe have since proclaimed.

We do not do any of those Powers the injustice to suppose, now that the struggle is over, that each one considers itself authorised to follow a new conduct suited to its own particular interests. On the contrary, we feel convinced that all the Powers have the sincere intention to act according to the principles they at first professed. Taking this for granted, we must suppose that it is the intention of all the Powers, who took part in the late war, as it is of the Emperor, our august master, to make the general peace the starting point for the re-establishment of relations based on a respect for the right and independence of governments. Has this hope been realised? Are the international relations re-established?

Without entering into a detail of some secondary questions, we are compelled to state, with regret, that there are two countries forming part of the European family where in one regular state of things does not yet exist, and which other it is threatened to be compromised. We allude to Greece and to the Kingdom of Naples. The occupation of the Hellenic territory by a foreign force, against the will of the Sovereign and the feelings of the nation, is now without any just reason. Political motives might, to a certain point, explain the violence done to the Sovereign of the country, and necessities of war might be pleaded as a reason for such a course; but now, when neither of these causes may be said to exist, it appears to us impossible to justify at the tribunal of equity the presence of a foreign force on the soil of Greece. Thus, the first words pronounced by our august master when the re-establishment of peace had ruled the Emperor to raise his voice were clear and precise. We have never allowed our opinion in the councils of the Cabinets, and we shall continue to do so.

We consider it our duty, however, to add, that although the results have not fully answered our expectations, we retain a hope that we shall not remain isolated on a ground where right and justice are evidently in favour of the cause which we support.

As to the Kingdom of Naples, if the question is not to find a remedy, it appears to us that it is time to seek a means of prevention. The King of Naples is the object of a pressure, not because his Majesty may have transgressed against the engagements imposed on him by treaties with foreign Courts, but because of the exercise of his incontestable rights of sovereignty, he governs his subjects as he thinks proper.

We can understand that in consequence of a friendly predisposition on the part of our august master, and of advice inspired by kind interest, and that this advice might even assume the character of exhortation, but we think that the extreme limit at which it ought to stop. Less than ever is it now permitted in Europe to forget that sovereigns are equals among themselves; and that it is not to the extent of territory, but the sanctity of the rights of each, which regulates the relations which exist between them. To wish to obtain from the King of Naples concessions as to the internal régime of his States by threatening demonstrations is to wish to govern in his place, and to proclaim the right of the strong over the weak.

It is needless for us to point out to you the opinion expressed by our august master on such pretensions. His Majesty entertains a hope that they will be put in practice; and he is the more strongly imbued with this hope, as also the doctrine which the States, where the principles of political liberty are the more fully developed, have always advanced. It is, in fact, their profession of faith.

You will be careful, whenever the two questions above alluded to are started at the place of your residence, to allow of no doubt being entertained as to the opinion of our august master on the subject. This frankness naturally proceeds from the system which the Emperor has adopted from the moment he ascended the throne, and this system is not unknown to you.

The Emperor wishes to live in good harmony with all governments, and his Majesty thinks that the best means of attaining that object is not to conceal ideas on any questions connected with public European right. The fate of those who, for long years, have supported with us the principles to which Europe owes more than a quarter of a century of peace, no longer exists in its ancient integrity. The will of our august master is foreign to this result. Circumstances have restored to us our full liberty of action. The Emperor has decided to devote by preference all his solicitude to the welfare of his subjects, and to concentrate on the development of the internal resources of the country an activity which will not be diverted by things abroad, unless when the positive interests of Russia shall absolutely demand it.

Russia is reproached with isolating herself, and keeping silent in presence of facts which do not accord with either law or equity, and it is said that Russia sulks. Russia does not sulks—she meditates. As to the silence of which we are accused, we may call to mind that a short time ago an artificial agitation was organised against us, because our voice was heard whenever we thought it necessary to support right. This action, tutelary for many governments, and from which Russia herself derives no benefit, has been laid hold of to accuse us of tending to know not what universal domination. We can shelter our silence under the expression of this souvenir. We do not, however, think that such is the attitude which belongs to a Power to which Providence has assigned the position which Russia occupies in Europe.

This despatch proves to you that our august master does not confine himself to this character when he thinks it his duty to make known his opinion. It will be the same whenever the voice of Russia may be useful to the cause of right, or when it will not be for the dignity of the Emperor to let the world remain in ignorance of his views and opinions. As to the employment of our material forces, the Emperor reserves to himself his free judgment.

The policy of our august master is a national one; it is not egotistical; and if his Majesty makes the interests of his people paramount, he does not admit that the advancement of those interests can excuse the violation of the rights of others.

You are authorised, &c.

GORTSCHAKOFF.

THE REVENUE.

THE official returns for the quarter which ended on Tuesday have been published. They show a gratifying increase, to the extent of no less than £1,114,288 as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year. We subjoin the details:—

	INCREASE.	
Excise	£309,000	
Stamps	117,926	
Taxes	3,000	
Property tax	753,378	
Crown lands	1,341	
Gross increase	£1,183,645	
	DECREASE.	
Customs, £37,143; miscellaneous, £32,914	69,557	
Net increase	£1,114,288	

On the year, up to the 30th September, 1856, the increase amounts to £3,211,708.

OBITUARY.

O'BRIEN, LADY.—On the 28th ult., died the Lady O'Brien, of Dromoland, county of Clare. She was Charlotte, eldest daughter and heir of William Smith, Esq., of Cahirmoyle, county of Limerick, and was married in 1799 to the late Sir Edmund O'Brien, Bart., by whom she had a family of five sons and four daughters. Of her sons, the eldest, Sir Edward, became Lord Inchiquin during the course of last year by the death of his distant cousin, the last Marquis of Thomond; and the second son is Mr. William Smith O'Brien, who has so lately returned from exile to his native land, and who sat as M.P. for the county of Limerick from 1832 to 1848. By her Ladyship's death, Mr. Smith O'Brien becomes possessed in fee of the Cahirmoyle estate.

JONES, MAJOR-GENERAL.—Last week, at Jermyn Street, St. James's, died Major-General James Jones, K.H., in the 75th year of his age. The gallant officer was formerly in the 15th Dragoons, from which he retired on half-pay in August, 1815. Besides numerous minor affairs, he was engaged with his regiment at Talavera and Barossa, for which he was granted the silver medal. He was a Knight Companion of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order.

BRAYBROOKE, LADY.—At Audley End, on the 23rd ult., died Lady Braybrooke, in her 57th year. Her Ladyship was the eldest daughter of the second Marquis Cornwallis, and married, in 1819, the present Lord Braybrooke. Two of her sons, Captain Neville, of the Grenadier Guards, and Mr. Gray Neville, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, fell in the late war, in which no less than four grandsons of the Marquis Cornwallis died for their country.

MASSEY-DAWSON, HON. MRS.—On the 17th ult., died at Castellamare, near Naples, after a long and painful illness, the Hon. Mrs. Massey-Dawson. She was Susan Agnes, eldest daughter of Charles, twelfth Lord Sinclair, born in 1806, and married, in 1829, Mr. Massey-Dawson, third son of J. H. Massey-Dawson, Esq., nephew of the second Lord Massey.

HALKETT, SIR C.—On the 24th ult., at Chelsea Hospital, of which he was Governor, Sir Colin Halkett, G.C.B., Colonel of the 45th Regiment, in his eighty-third year. He took part in the Peninsular War as commander of a brigade of the German Legion, and fought under Lord Hill at Waterloo, where he received four wounds and had four horses killed under him.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BELGIAN FETES THAT DID NOT TAKE PLACE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Brussels, Sept. 28, 1856.

OBLIGE me, Mr. Editor, by going out of town for the good of your health, and leaving the management of the paper this week to our mutual friend, Theodore O'Mullins, of the paste and scissors department. I should take it as an especial favour if you would do so. For the case of Finucane in "Pendennis," who was left in charge of the "Pall Mall Gazette," and took advantage of the opportunity to puff all his personal friends up to the skies, I find to be neither a myth nor an exaggeration. The incident was realised the other day in the unillustrated "Times." The Shandons, Pendennis, and Warringtons of Printing House Square being scattered about the Highlands, in Paris, up the Rhine, and elsewhere, it occurred to the Finucane of the establishment to insert a leader in praise of his compatriot, Mr. William Russell, wherein the civilised world were startled by the information that the faculty of writing vividly in description of a scene as it visibly occurred, commenced in, and will perish with, the personality of Mr. William Russell. We were referred triumphantly to the "skilful Irishman's" (Finucane's own words) catalogue of accomplishments and millinery assembled at the recent Show at Moscow as the one piece of great writing of the age. You see the advantages of an Irish friend entrusted with plenipotentiary editorial powers. I am sure if you would give up the desk to O'Mullins for the ensuing week, he would prove me to be the greatest man in the world, because it would be in his power to show that I am greater than Russell; for Russell only pretends to depict scenes as they took place; I am about to perform the much more difficult achievement of describing events that never took place at all.

The national fêtes in celebration of the twenty-sixth anniversary of the Belgian independence would have been splendid, but for the trifling objection that they never came off. The order in which they did not take place, I will narrate with my accustomed accuracy.

The fêtes were to have extended over four days, commencing with last Tuesday. The Government had been lavish in preparations, and especially in posters. There were enormous yellow placards, that would not have disgraced the brief but splendid reign of Professor Anderson, on which were blazoned forth, in red and black type, the series of brilliant entertainments that the public were not to have the pleasure of seeing. These posters may be considered typical of Belgian economy. Being composed of the national colours, and displayed in the most conspicuous situations, they must have saved a good deal in the matter of flags; for here we are accustomed to huzza for the red, black, and yellow. The only Belgian citizen who may be supposed to take the slightest interest in the red, white, and blue, is a gentleman to whom that particular combination of colours is endeared by association with another interesting tint—namely, the colour of English money—which his Majesty sees annually to the tune of thirty thousand pounds.

The first treat held out to us in perspective by the big posters, was "A funeral service, to which were invited the civil and military authorities, in the church of St. Michel and St. Gaudi, at ten o'clock in the morning, in honour of the citizens who had died for their country." This small instalment of the promised festivities really did take place (as did a few others, to be mentioned in due course); but I was not present at the ceremony. I belong to a nation where it is considered *mortuis ton* to put yourself out of the way to honour people who are so silly as to sacrifice themselves for the good of their country, and where it is, consequently, not common to see such sacrifices attempted. Another reason for my neglect may be, that I am not in the habit of getting up before eleven o'clock; and being a strictly methodical man, I object to being hurried over my breakfast—an indignity I would not submit to for the sake of any ridiculous martyr person who ever allowed himself to be gaped.

At two o'clock, the big posters announced a distribution of Medals of Honour, at the Temple of the Augustins, decreed by the Government as rewards for acts of courage and devotion.

To witness this ceremony, were invited all persons decorated with the Order of Leopold, with the Iron Cross, with the medal for acts of courage and devotion, and with the medal for Agricultural and Industrial Operations, who would be admitted by displaying their various insignia.

Singularly enough, I do not possess the Order of Leopold, nor yet the Iron Cross. I have moreover unaccountably neglected to perform any remarkable acts of devotion or courage since my residence in Brussels (which dates from Tuesday fortnight). It is true I paid a month's rent in advance, and once swallowed a half-pint glass of Belgian beer. But courageous and devoted as these acts unquestionably were, I have not considered them of sufficient magnitude to send in my bill for them to a constitutional Government. I am not agricultural, nor yet conspicuously industrious. I knew I was not invited to the ceremony, and that they would not admit me. Still I thought, as this is a free country, I shall surely be allowed to stand in the street, and look at the people going in.

I am bound to do the municipal and federal authorities the justice of admitting, that they threw no wilful obstruction in the way of my enjoying this privilege. Only, I happened to arrive rather late. I missed the edifying sight of Lord Mayor Salomons, who was over here on the International Benevolence Congress business (which had been despatched rapidly on the previous day, in the form of a public dinner, on the most benevolent scale). If I had been three minutes earlier, I should have seen, not only him, but also Mr. William Jerrold, who had accompanied the deputation to report International Benevolence Progress for the daily paper to which he belongs. I am told they both looked remarkably well; but how I should have liked to see them! I know Lord Mayor Salomons personally (I was once called in as evidence in a police case at the Mansion House), and have a speaking acquaintance with Mr. William Jerrold. If I had seen them, I would have spoken fearlessly to them both. My landlord was in the crowd. He would have witnessed the meeting—and who knows to what pitch my credit might not have been elevated? But such is life!

I was fain to console myself with minor attractions. I had the pleasure of seeing a detachment of the Belgian infantry under arms. This consisted of twenty-four pretty little boys, in green coats, with large baggy gray trousers and Guy Faux hats, each surmounted by a plume of green cocks' feathers. They looked wonderfully like sparrows. They were very neat and clean. The barrack nursery-maid had evidently washed and combed them carefully, previously to dressing them in their best clothes. Discipline must be very strict in the Belgian army. This is evident from the order the troops are kept in. I should say that any soldier detected playing marbles while on duty, would have his sweetstuff stopped, and be kept to pay for a week at least, with periodical whippings.

I also saw the King of the Belgians. He was not the Lord Mayor, it is true, nor yet the correspondent of a London daily paper; still, as the head of a constitutional government, he was somebody. Moreover, as a British taxpayer, I had my own personal reasons for inspecting him carefully.

An astute-looking old gentleman—very! with a thin, rosy countenance, pervaded nevertheless by a clean pinky line, as it were the result of the very best port wine, taken in the safest moderation. He rides in a good, but remarkably unpretentious coach. There is no ostentation about him; his only escort is a pair of stalwart flunkies on horseback (their names are probably Jan van Thomas and Jeems van Pluseh). He wears a wig—for warmth evidently, not show—and this is his state turn-out. An unassuming four wheel affair is waiting to take him home quietly after the ceremony. The main chance is evidently the guiding-star of this sagacious constitutional monarch. He must be about seventy; still I should not object to a moderate percentage on the number of thirty-thousands-a-year he looks good for yet.

He went in and distributed the prizes among the actors in the courage and devotion line. At least I suppose so, for he came out in about half an hour, and drove homeward in the quiet vehicle alluded to. The brave Belgians do not seem in the least degree afraid of him. I saw a coal-heaver of constitutional principles in a long cart (resembling the half of a split and scooped-out cucumber), who kept the royal carriage waiting in a

narrow street for at least ten minutes, while he settled some harness difficulty. He didn't apologise, or even take his pipe out of his mouth. To my astonishment, Jan van Thomas and Jeems van Pluseh did not ride him down; neither did the twenty-four little boys in the green coats charge him with their dear little bayonets. When the free and independent coal-heaver had got over his difficulty, he moved his long cart out of the way, and touched his hat to his friend Leopold in a free and easy manner, rather patronising than otherwise.

Other brave Belgians moved their hats as the comfortable old monarch passed them; but, as it appeared to me, only in a spirit of the purest friendship and camaraderie. They seemed to say, "It's all right, old boy: we are satisfied with you." I fancied that the pink-faced, low-browed old gentleman always returned the salute with obsequious interest, as though to say, "Gentlemen, I hope for a further continuance of your esteemed favours." I will do the Belgians the justice to say that they are no snobs. They are a mercantile firm, having no reason to complain of their managing clerk. They pay him a fair salary, and he does his work efficiently. *Voilà tout!* He is bringing up his son to succeed him in the business.

At night there was to be a grand military retreat round the Park. The Park is one of the grand institutions of Brussels. It is remarkable for its fountain, in imitation of a gigantic shuttlecock; also for its sculptured beauties that frighten all the little children.

The military retreat was effected with much greater rapidity than had been anticipated, for it came on to rain. The rout of the Belgian army was complete. The dear children ran home as hard as ever they could tear, and were put to bed. Let us hope that the bread and butter was not stinted on this national occasion.

The rain, which commenced on Tuesday afternoon, continued with true Netherlands stolidity of purpose until Thursday evening. Stop! There was a brief interlude of sunshine on Wednesday morning, just sufficient to tempt the volunteer companies of carabiniers, of arquebusers, of foot-ball players, and skittle professors, to come out and form themselves into a procession for the purpose of getting wet and going home again. I met the Société de Guillaume Tell, coming from the rendezvous, along the Rue de Laeken. The society consisted of ten wet Belgians, preceded by a wet drummer. Each member carried a drizzle-tailed arrow in his hand. They had left their bows at home, I suppose, on account of the weather. They were a sorry sight! They set me thinking of Robin Hood and his merry men all, and reflecting upon what a really jolly time those gallant fellows must have had of it under the greenwood trees in the wet weather. I watched the brave archers into the *estaminet* of St. Jean Baptiste. They cheered up a little as they approached that hospitable mansion; and no doubt soon forgot their woes in the Belgian's panacea for everything—a gallon of beer.

Archery is still a popular sport among the brave Flemings—worthy descendants of the stout burghers, whose cloth-yard shafts in the defence of their goodly towns and privileges, were so respectfully dreaded by the hirelings of Charles the Bold Ruffian. Amateur societies for the exercise of this and other warlike and athletic sports are numerous all over the kingdom, and are encouraged by the Government. On the day in question, the following prizes were to be disputed for:—

1. Nineteen prizes, value 2,000*fr.*, for the best marksman with the carbine. This was open to all competitors, native and foreign.
2. Seven prizes, value 800*fr.*, for the best marksmen with the *arc à la perche*. Competition for this was restricted to the societies of the Belgian towns.
3. Seven prizes, value 800*fr.*; to be disputed for among the societies of the rural communes.
4. *Arc au berceau*. Eleven prizes, value 700*fr.*; confined to the societies of the townships.
5. *Arc au berceau*. Eleven prizes, value 700*fr.*; societies of the communes.
6. *Petite arbalète à la perche*. Societies of the towns and communes. Seven prizes, value 700*fr.*
7. *Arbalète au but*. Open to all native societies. Eleven prizes, value 700*fr.*
8. *Arbalète à balle (bol-boog)*. Open to all amateur societies, native and foreign. Ten prizes, value 700*fr.*
9. *Petite arbalète au but*. Competition unrestricted. Eleven prizes, value 700*fr.*
10. *Jeu de petite balle au tamis*. Competition unrestricted. Two prizes, value 850*fr.*
11. Skittles. Unrestricted. Four prizes, value 250*fr.*
12. *Jeu de palets*. Unrestricted. Four prizes, value 200*fr.*

I have given most of the sports their French names, not being sufficiently acquainted with their technicalities to translate them with due precision. In addition to the above principal prizes, there were minor ones, amounting to about 1,000*fr.* in value, and further a silver ball, value 300*fr.*, given by the King to the best football player.

The vile state of the weather necessitated the postponement of all sport requiring open air. The gunners and bowmen, having most of them their own particular premises, disputed for their prizes under cover.

This encouragement of warlike and athletic sports cannot but be considered as an excellent sign of national unity and stability. Here there is no wrenching the gun from the peasant's hands for fear he should become a poacher—no disarming and crippling of the workman, lest he should bring his skill to bear on the construction of a barricade, and his courage to defending it. There seems to be a real community of interest among the Belgians of all classes. It is all very well for me to laugh at the Society of William Tell sneaking into a beer-shop from the rain; but it strikes me, that if it were to occur to Monsieur Louis Bonaparte, Emperor of the French by the grace of God and the national will; or to Frederick William, the Protestant king of Prussia; or to Franz Joseph, the Catholic representative of all the heathen Caesars; or to any other influential monarch with more soldiers than he knows how to keep quiet, to attempt an invasion of the Belgian territory—in the wet or otherwise—the laugh would be on the side of that monarch's mouth which modern physiognomists have agreed to consider the wrong one. It strikes me that there would be found to exist fighting lacemakers, and gunners in the carpet trade, who would recall the times of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, in a very striking manner.

At two o'clock on Wednesday there was to be an open-air concert in front of the palace of the Duke of Brabant. The concert took place, and was brilliantly attended.

Having changed my clothes, put my feet in hot water, and swallowed a glass of scalding rum and water (into which my wife insisted on putting about two ounces of butter in order to give the mixture that character of nastiness which is indispensable to all medicinal compounds), I escaped from the effects of the open-air concert with life. I prudently resolved to content myself with witnessing the remainder of the fêtes from my sitting-room window.

Thursday was to be the day *par excellence*. There was to be a Fête Venetienne on the canal at midnight. But in consequence of the bad weather it was postponed till to-day (Sunday). The result of this arrangement has been that the sky was cloudless on Thursday night, and that it is now raining in torrents. A gunshot has advertised me that the Fête Venetienne is about to take place.

My servant-of-all-work, who, being a Frenchwoman, would jump down Vesuvius if she believed there was a fête at the bottom of the crater, has begged permission to go out and enjoy herself. I have granted it, with the loan of my silk umbrella. She is just putting on her goloshes. I am sure, Mr. Editor, you and your esteemed readers will join me in wishing her a pleasant evening.

MR. LOWE, M.P., IN AMERICA.—Mr. Lowe, of the English Board of Trade and Captain Galton, says an American paper, have recently made a thorough examination of the Erie road in all its departments. The feature in the operating system of the Erie which struck them as of the greatest value and excellence, was the working of all trains by telegraph. Mr. Lowe expressed an intention to procure the passage by Parliament of an act compelling British roads to work their lines by telegraph. He has taken full notes of the system of working the Erie.

DESTRUCTIVE GALES.

OFF Dover, on Saturday, the equinoctial breezes increased until it blew a tremendous gale; and on Sunday morning the storm was appalling. The wind howled, and the sea raged with the greatest fury. Gigantic waves broke in succession right over the Admiralty piers and works for two or three hours, but did little damage there; it boiled up, however, on the western side with such strength and fury, that it tore away the pavement in front of the Lord Warden Hotel; and some idea may be formed of its power and range when it is stated that it dashed volumes of water right over the building, and carried a cloud of sticks and stones into the dock on the other side. The buildings and fences of the South-Eastern Railway were greatly damaged. The railway sustained the most injury at about 100 yards from the Arcliff first tunnel, and about 200 yards from the station. Such was the violence of the curling, foaming sea in the corner near Shakespeare's Cliff, that it broke through the outer stout fence, carried that away, then through the heavy and massive wooden framework tied by iron rods across from one line of rails to the other and from buildings on one side to buildings on the other, scooped out the shingle, broke down the stays, swept off large portions of the buildings nearest to the beach, carried away some of the brickwork, and undermined the sheds nearer the cliff; and for fifty yards entirely broke down both lines of rails. The wreck from the railway, together with the planks from the girders, were for hours dashed against and over the Admiralty Pier, and were thrown up at the corner of the Lord Warden Hotel in pieces; some of the more than a hundredweight, and more than twenty feet high, and were split in pieces against the piers and pavement. None of the steam-packets were expected to arrive in this terrible gale; but about ten o'clock the Ondine, with the Royal and Imperial mails from Calais with her canvas set, and coming along at a tremendous rate, made her appearance in the offing. The greatest anxiety and excitement prevailed, and hundreds crowded to the piers, in spite of the sea and rain, to witness her entering the harbour; but it was known by telegraph that she had above fifty passengers on board; and as at this time the entrance to the port was covered with the large piers, planks, and other floating timber from the Admiralty Pier and the railway, crashing together by the heavy seas, those in authority on shore, deeming it most unsafe to attempt the port under the circumstances, the flag was hoisted down, and she bore away most steadily, and in admirable style, for Ramsgate, where she securely landed her mails and passengers.

There was also a very severe gale on Saturday morning in the neighbourhood of Plymouth. The rain was almost like water-spouts, and the wind fearfully strong. Some small vessels were drifted from their moorings in the harbour. One pleasure yacht came on shore on the embankment outside the works of the Plymouth and Great Western Docks in Millbay. The damage, with this exception, is not very serious.

The gales of Saturday and Sunday were severely felt at sea. The casualties among the shipping were, we regret to say, most disastrous both in loss of life and property.

At the height of the storm on Sunday morning, a fine screw-steamer, called the Ida, outward bound, was cast ashore to the eastward of Dungeness. The lives of the passengers and crew were placed in the most imminent peril. The Ida, which was upwards of 600 tons burden, was bound for the west coast of Africa. The fury of the gale, however, so greatly increased, that it was deemed prudent to bring her up in Dungeness Roads on Saturday. Notwithstanding she had two anchors down, and with the assistance of her steam, she could not resist the overwhelming seas which broke upon her; she drove from her anchors to within a short distance of the shore, where she again held on for the greater part of Saturday night. On the following morning, however, the heavy rolling seas forced her up to the coast at Dymchurch, upon what is called the Wall, where she became a complete wreck. Owing to the fearful surf, all access to the ill-fated ship from shore was impracticable. Happily, a communication was made to the wreck by a life-line, by which means the whole of the passengers and crew were hauled ashore in safety, with the exception of the boatswain. This poor fellow, it appears, was washed overboard by a sea, and was not seen afterwards.

Within a short distance of the spot where the Ida was wrecked, a coasting vessel, belonging to Sunderland, named the John and Mary, Mr. J. Johnston, master, from Caen, bound to London, was driven ashore at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, and soon became a wreck; the master and crew succeeded in saving themselves, but the master's wife and four children perished. About the same time on Sunday morning, a wreck was seen off Shoreham, running from the westward, with a flag of distress flying in the rigging. The life-boat was got out and manned; and with the assistance of a tug, they succeeded, after most vigorous exertion, in saving the ship. She proved to be the Elizabeth, Captain Normandale, from Cardiff to London. She was in a most deplorable condition, one of the crew having died at the pumps. She was eventually brought into the harbour with five or six feet of water in her hold.

Another wreck took place on Sunday morning near Dymchurch. It was that of the French brigantine Henri, of Nantes, bound from the North. At daylight she was descried by the coast-guardmen ashore, near the Grand Tower, at Dymchurch, with her helpless crew lashed to the rigging, and the sea beating over them. The coast-guard immediately obtained all necessary assistance, and, by the aid of life-lines from the shore, managed to rescue the whole of the ship's company, with the exception of one man, who was swept overboard and was drowned. The vessel lies a wreck.

A large fleet of vessels were in the vicinity of the Downs when they were overtaken by the gale, and were compelled to put back, many running into Ramsgate, Dover, &c., for shelter. Several large ships brought up, and layoured heavily. Nearly twenty went into Ramsgate, with loss of chain and cable, and having sustained other damage by coming in collision.

Lower down the Channel the gale appears to have been very destructive in its consequences. The Sarah, brigantine, belonging to Plymouth, bound to Newport from Southampton, was, during the height of the gale on Sunday morning, driven from her anchorage on to the Milkmaid Bank, a dangerous shoal at the entrance of the harbour. When seen from the shore, the sea was sweeping over her with prodigious force. The crew were in the tops, crying for help. As soon as their perilous position was observed, two pilots, named Thomas Hart and John King, volunteered to go to their rescue. They went off in the Contractor steamer, and on getting to the windward, a boat was lowered: they were partly sheltered by the steamer, and thus they were enabled to reach the poor fellows, who were all safely taken off. The ship soon afterwards broke up.

At Swansea and the neighbouring coast it blew a hurricane the whole of Saturday night and Sunday; wind E.S.E. The havoc among the coasting vessels was of the most serious extent. Fourteen vessels are reported to have been driven ashore during the night, and several of them afterwards sunk. At Cardiff several vessels drove in Penarth Roads, and sustained considerable damage.

The gale appears to have been equally severe along the east coast. The barque Coromandel, Captain Anderson, bound to London with timber from the White Sea, was totally lost on the Ridge Sands, off Yarmouth.

Accounts from other parts of the coast enumerate more disasters, and it is compared that upwards of fifty vessels have been cast ashore during the recent boisterous weather, the large portion of which must inevitably be lost.

At Brighton and at Hastings the gale was also severely felt; and it has been reported that a small lifeboat was wrecked at Cliffe's End, about six miles from Hastings, between that town and Rye, and that the captain, his wife, and three children were drowned, but that the other persons on board were saved.

At Eastbourne the sea was very rough, and the tide running so high that it overflowed on to the Parade, inundating the houses in that locality.

At Newhaven the Jersey steam-packet, which usually leaves that port on Saturday was delayed starting, in consequence of the weather, for some days. The packet which came into harbour from Dieppe, on Friday, had encountered a very heavy sea, and the passengers on board, numbering about 150, were dreadfully drenched.

The storm committed fearful ravages off the Irish coast. Reports of the loss of several ships have reached us.

During midnight, between Saturday and Sunday, Glasgow was scourged by the storm. In the more elevated parts of the city several new buildings were more or less injured, wooden pilings were torn up, and outhouse doors wrenched from their hinges, and hurled over garden walls. A portion of the gable of a fine house in the course of erection at Buckingham Terrace, Hillhead, on the Great Western Road, was blown down. An old brick building in Cadogan Street was also levelled.

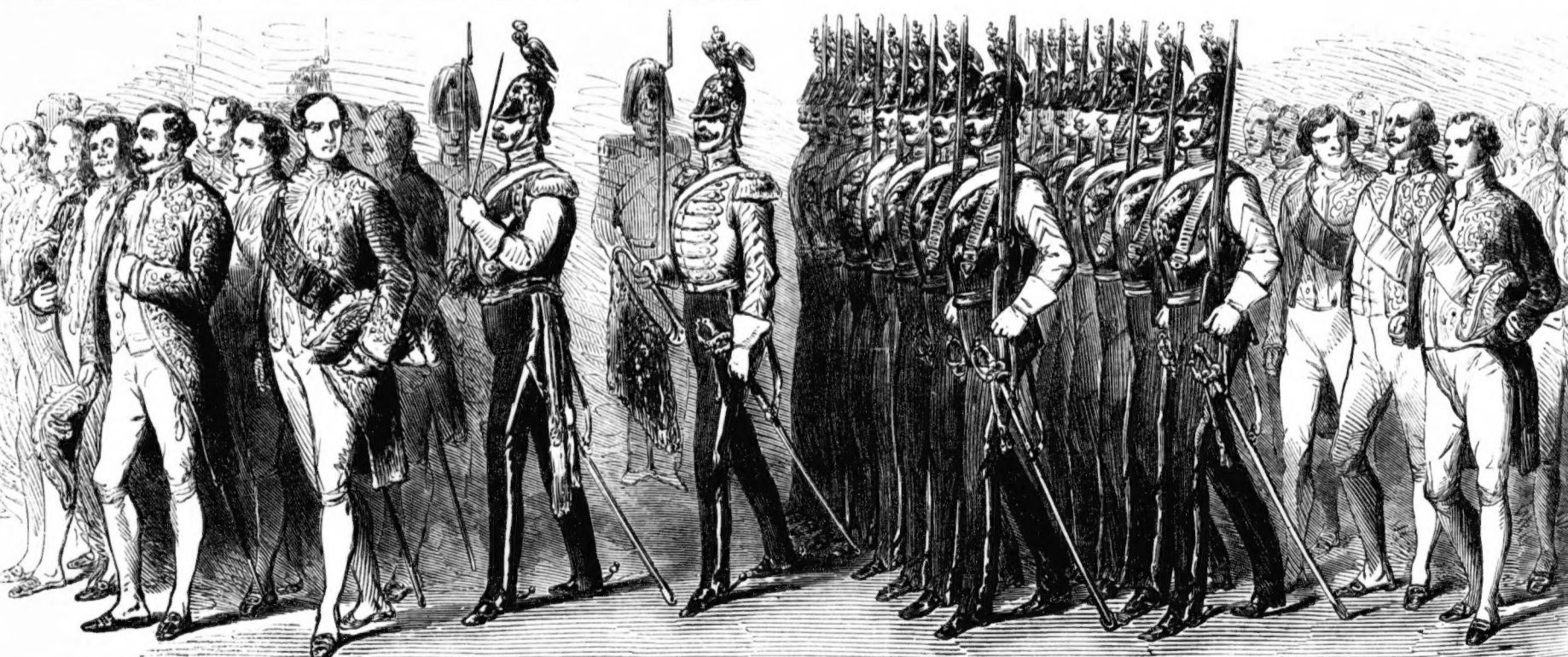
COLLISION AT SEA.—The screw steamer Shamrock, Captain Berrel, from Plymouth to Dublin, came into collision with a large steamer off the Longships. The Shamrock made for Penzance, where she arrived with loss of bowsprit, anchor, long boat, bows badly stove, fore compartment full of water, and other damage. Two of the Shamrock's crew are missing, but are supposed to be on board the other steamer. Although the captain fired several rockets for assistance, the strange steam ship did not come near to offer any aid.

THE NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT ASSOCIATION.—The National Life-boat Institution recently held a meeting at their rooms, 14, John Street, Adelphi, and awarded sums of money and other recognitions to several persons for their daring in saving life under perilous circumstances. This is the only institution in the country devoted to the saving of life from shipwreck. During the past year, their life-boats have been the means of saving 132 lives; but during the same period, 1,500 persons were drowned: one-half of whom, had the means been at hand, might have been saved. The institution, in making great efforts to provide life-boats, life-cars, &c., has fallen into debt; and it asks from the public what it so well deserves—increased pecuniary support.

NARROW ESCAPE OF SIR WILLIAM EYRE.—General Sir William Eyre, with a number of persons surrounding him, has had a wonderful escape on the Saguenay river, in Canada. He was on board a steamer, and as usual, off Cape Eternity a cannon was fired, to awake the echoes. The gun burst and shivered into fragments, which flew in every direction, yet not one of the passengers on the deck was hurt. Even the man who fired the cannon was merely knocked down, and not at all wounded.



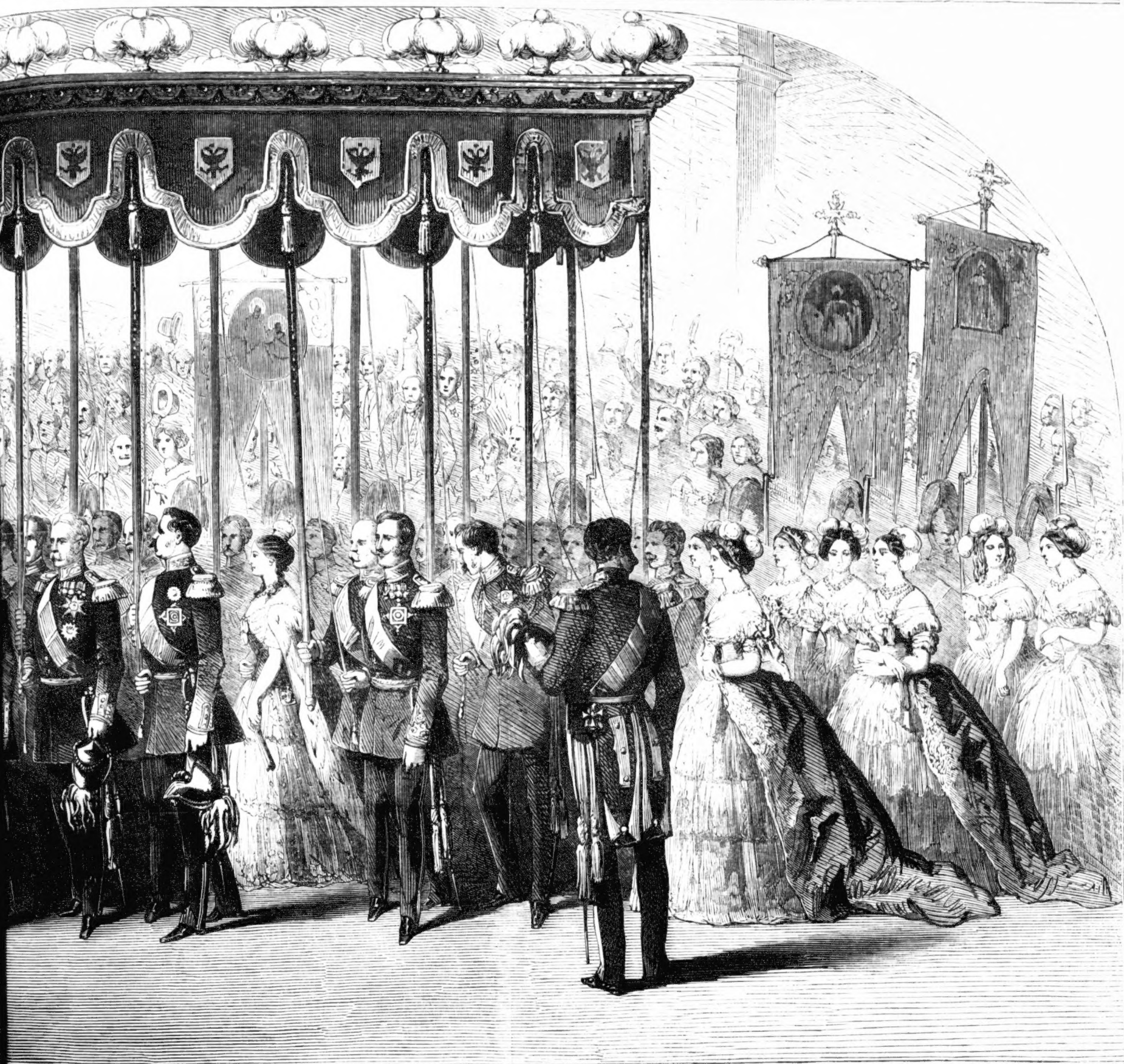
20. MARSHALS OF THE COURT. 21. THE ARCH-MARSHAL OF THE CORONATION. 22. THE EMPEROR.



25. CHAMBERLAINS.

26. CHEVALIER GUARDS.

27. NOBLE



23. THE EMPRESS.

24. LADIES OF HONOUR.



28. ARTISANS AND MANUFACTURERS.

29. SHOPKEEPERS.

30. CHEVALIER GUARDS

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. R. D.—The Sketches are unavailable, and are left at the office.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1856.

LORD CARDIGAN'S CASE.

WHILE the world is uncertain what is coming off in the Bay of Naples, and while it is by no means clear that the whole affair will not end in dishonourable moonshine, Lord Cardigan takes an opportunity of vindicating his character against a certain Colonel Buck. Buck is, according to the Noble Lord, "a country gentleman and a county man in Devonshire;" and therefore (though, as times go, a man may be both these, even in Devonshire, without being anybody in particular), his Lordship gives an "explanation" to him, which he never condescended to give to a newspaper.

We have once or twice expressed our wish to know whether Lord Cardigan was really a hero or not. We were disposed to hope that he was. We never condescended to notice the anonymous books written to show that he was not; and we now think it our duty to bring his letter prominently before the public.

"We want a hero,"

as Byron says; and though a certain delicacy is attached to the task of showing one's-self to be a hero, we think Lord Cardigan was perfectly right in setting about it under the circumstances.

Lord Cardigan tells us, in the distinctest manner, that he galloped at the head of his brigade into the thick of the famous charge. Men who followed him were "cut down" and "blown to pieces;" others were wounded, or had their horses killed.

"Of all these officers," says our Hipparch, "it would be invidious to state that one distinguished himself more than another. For myself, having led this brigade into the battery, I pursued my direct course as a leader, a course which one horse could take, but in which a line of troops could not well follow from the number of guns, limber carriages, and other impediments which stood in the way. Thus, coming upon a large force of Russian cavalry, I was attacked by two Cossacks, slightly wounded, and nearly dismounted."

Now, this is so clear and distinct, that we have a right to ask those who sneer at the writer's share in the charge to deal with it unmissably. Did Lord Cardigan lead the affair in this kind of way? If so, he was a dashing gentleman, *quoad hoc*. We cannot presume to doubt his word, when so given; and even if he did not show skill in coming out, we confess our chief admiration is for those who "go in."

His Lordship makes a general observation on the scene which ensued:—

"The whole of the remnant of the brigade was retreating at the same time, and a few minutes only intervened between the retreating from the line of guns which we had attacked, of all parties engaged in the affair, including the supporting regiments which had come into the affair in succession under their respective commanding officers. I have further to observe that the confusion was so great after passing the battery, that the 17th Lancers and 13th Light Dragoons reversed their position in brigade, and the remnant of them came out in the retreat on the opposite side of the valley to that in which they had advanced."

The fact is, that such a scene, involving so many details, requires a long time and the compared accounts of many eye-witnesses to make it intelligible. We should like to hear the account given by such men as Lord George Paget of the business; and until the leading men choose to come forward, the country must remain in an unpleasant state of uncertainty about the matter.

Meanwhile, we give Lord Cardigan the benefit—whatever that may be worth—of our energetic diffusion of the explanation which he has given. Be it observed, that this affair of Lord Cardigan's gallantry is a quite separate question from that of his general fitness for command. On that point we retain our old opinion. He is an ordinary commander, with an extraordinary amount of money. In no sense of the word is he a "captain" of men; he belongs to the Lucan level of governing talent, and he has not yet "explained" the ruin of his cavalry or his absence in the celebrated yacht *Enchantress*. So that, although anxious he should have every justice in the matter of the charge, we are bound to pronounce his general elevation a proof of that degraded rank-and-money-worship, which is at once a disgrace to the feudal system—which it burlesques by stealing its names—and a source (as we fear) of future disaster and dishonour.

THE GROSVENOR PANACEA.

We have the strongest belief in the sincerity of Lord Robert Grosvenor, and the highest respect for the purity of his intentions. There is certainly every evidence of his being an earnest, charitable, and benevolent man, actuated by a sincere desire to turn his high rank and brilliant opportunities to a useful account, and steadily impelled by a sense of Christian duty to devote all his energies to the task of bettering his fellow-creatures. His Lordship surely deserves a respite from ridicule when we see him actively employed in works of charity, and in the congenial task of suggesting plans for the reformation of criminals. The naughty boys of London broke his Lordship's windows; the good Lord Robert does not wish to punish them, but exhausts his imagination in schemes for making them good boys in future.

With this view, Lord Robert Grosvenor has written a somewhat remarkable letter to the "Times," in which, after demonstrating the futility and failure of all the plans of criminal reform hitherto tried, he suggests a little plan of his own, which he modestly asserts, and we dare say conscientiously believes, to be the only one practicable. To reclaim the housebreaker, the forger, and the thief, to touch the wifebeater's indurated heart, to reform the coiner, to impress the sacredness of the Game Act on the mind of the poacher—not only to do all this, but to prevent crime and nip dishonesty in the bud, Lord Robert Grosvenor has one notable remedy, one great panacea. Not reformatories—his Lordship has no faith in them; not hulks—they are confusion; not corporeal punishment—he is too kind-hearted for that; not tickets of leave, or confinement, silent or solitary; not even ragged-schools, or feeding and clothing asylums. Lord Robert's estimate of our moral requirements is simple: he says we want more *curates, incumbents, and Scripture-readers*.

Theoretically and philanthropically, this ought to be the best and only means for reforming the bad and maintaining the good in the path of virtue. Sermons, curates' visitations, archidiaconal charges, and Scripture lectures, ought to discourage vice and encourage virtue; but, alas! do they—will they? One of the brightest lights of Lord Robert Grosvenor's church, the good Jeremy Taylor, says pertinently, "Can I fill a man's belly with diagrams? Can I clothe him with Euclid's elements?" Will a five hundred per cent. increase of curates, incumbents, and Scripture-

readers, we mournfully ask, close the gin-shops and "Tom and Jerries;" feed the starving wretches who cower on door-steps and encumber the casual wards of workhouses; reclaim the Jew "lences" of Petticoat Lane; instil morality into the swell mob; so work upon the finer feelings of agricultural prodigates that it may be no more their delight of a shiny night in any season of the year to snare Lord Shaftesbury's pheasants or Lord Robert Grosvenor's own partridges; shame penny postmen from opening letters with half-sovereigns in them; or keep the door-locks and window-fastenings of Notting Hill sacred from the burglarious fingers of Mr. William Sykes? Will all the learning and piety of a curate or incumbent, as admirable as Parson Adams, cleanse the Broadway, Westminster, of the brigands who inhabit it, or pull down Charles Street, Drury Lane? Heaven forbid that we should deny how much indirect good might be done by church extension and the multiplying of clergymen. But how many churches are there where scarcely two or three are gathered together? How many bishops are there, how many curates and incumbents, who are such excellent Greek scholars, such excellent photographers—who seem, in fine, to be able to do almost anything—except their duty? We want something else towards the reformation of our criminals, old and young. We want more light and air; we want more soap; we want protection for women (the fallen as well as the unspotted); we want many more schools—ragged, threadbare, darned, and white at the seams—not glossy broadcloth ones; we want the State to say that the ignorant *shall* be taught, and the hungry fed, and those who stumble on the threshold not wholly abandoned; and for this last we want a vigorous and unflinching support of those noble reformatories which, under the auspices of men admirable for their courage and self-denial, and who are as free from the cant of scepticism as from the cant of bigotry, are already springing up in all parts of the land, and which need but a strong helping hand to prosper and bear good fruit.

As auxiliaries, the additional "curates, incumbents, and Scripture-readers" would be gladly welcomed, and their assistance would be valuable; but when Lord Robert Grosvenor ignores all other requirements, all other elements of well-doing to the fallen, he reminds us of Mr. Bumble, who accounted for the rebellion of Mr. Sowerberry's apprentice in these remarkable words, "*It isn't madness, Mum; it's MEAT!*" meaning that the scraps of animal food devoured by poor little Oliver Twist had given him a proud stomach, and incited him to revolt against his lawful pastors and masters. "It isn't soap you want," Lord Robert Grosvenor seems to say; "it isn't Red Hill and Mr. Sidney Turner; it isn't better lodging-houses—better teaching: it's CHURCHES!" Oh, Lord Robert, Lord Robert! see how large and empty is Westminster Abbey; see what a large staff of "curates, incumbents, and Scripture-readers" there are to that ancient fane; and then see how many foul dens there are swarming with the vilest criminals within the very shadow of the Great Twin Towers.

WANTED TO KNOW.

MR. ARTHUR CLENNAM "wanted to know" a variety of things at the circumbulation office, and by dint of persistent and indefatigable "wanting," he did get to "know" something at last. Glancing the other day at a most satisfactory report of the St. Matthews "Speech Day," at Christ Hospital, and of the oratorical achievements of the Grecians in Sapphics, Iambics, and English and French prose and verse, it occurs to us, perhaps irrationally, to "want to know" how it comes about that such a large percentage of aristocratic names is so frequently found among the pupils of an institution professedly established for the education of the children of "reduced and distressed citizens." We want to know whether such names as "William Henry H. Amand Wilton," "Ernest Montague," and "Smith Wild Churchill," which we have taken at random among the prizemen, have at all a reduced, or distressed, or citizenlike air; and whether these high-sounding appellations do not remind us rather of the noble houses of Wilton, and Marlborough, and Sandwich? Somehow or other we could not help reading the names thus—"William Henry H. Amand Barnacle;" "Ernest Tite Barnacle;" and "Smith Wild Lancaster Stiltskalking." There may be nothing in a name, it is true; but still, it is not often you find a bricklayer's labourer by the name of Talbot De Vere, or a tramp whose right appellation is Fitzalan Howard; and we "want to know" if there be any danger, as we have heard it whispered, of the fine old charitable foundation of the Bluecoat School, degenerating into another of the already legionary harbours of refuge for the aristocratic but parasitical tribe of Barnacles.

SUNDAY BULLOCKS.

THERE is a story told of a New Zealand chief, who being catechised by a missionary as to how far religious teaching had led him to abandon cannibalism, answered proudly, that "the missionaries had done him a great deal of good, and that he never ate his enemies on a Sunday now." It transpired, however, that on ordinary week days this child of nature was as addicted as ever to the consumption of "cold boiled missionary, baked young woman," and the other horrible dishes known in the cannibal cuisine as "long pig." A squeamishness somewhat analogous to that of the New Zealander has very recently been exhibited by the exemplary Corporation of London, which, in the person of Mr. Deputy Lott, is unutterably horrified and scandalised at the fact of bullocks being driven through the parish of Islington towards the new Cattle Market on Sundays. Considering how many years the Corporation of London contentedly swallowed the camels or bullocks which were driven through the narrowest and most crowded streets of the metropolis to Smithfield, every Sunday evening, with what frantic energy they sought to secure the retention of that peculiarly infamous intramural market; how they declared the steuches to be salubrious, and denied the dirt, and affectionately clung to the knacker's yards, it does seem to us rather late in the day for the City Solons to strain at the gnat of cattle being driven through the wide thoroughfares of an outlying suburb. We are very sorry for the Islingtonians; but if there is to be a Monday meat market there must be some approaches to it; we can't have the market at Barnet or Berkhamstead, and if London will persist in growing bigger and bigger, and the Londoners will not leave off the pernicious habit of eating beef, cattle must be occasionally seen in the roads leading to the market. The sanctity of the Sabbath would certainly be preserved by the market being adjourned to Tuesday; but we apprehend that ere very long some hundreds of butchers and some hundred thousands of butcher's meat consumers—some of them even dwellers in Islington—would impetuously demand the Monday's market back again. A sensible common counsellor, Mr. Besley, appeared to be of rather a similar opinion; for he hazarded a remark upon "the absurdity of its being supposed that two or three millions of befeating people could be fed without a trifling inconvenience to somebody." The corporated wisdom, however, evidently leans towards relieving the feelings of outraged Islington, and having the market back in dear old cabined, cribbed, and confined "Smiffel." What a pity it is that the prejudiced government and people won't hear of such a thing!

THE BISHOPS IN RETIREMENT.—On Tuesday, the 30th ult., the Bishop of Durham resigned his see, pursuant to a late Act of Parliament. He is now addressed as Bishop Malby. The Bishop of London, who resigned on Tuesday last, is addressed as Bishop Blonfield.

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY ON THE OUDE QUESTION.—At the quarterly meeting of the Court of Proprietors of the East India Company last week, Mr. Lewin moved, and Mr. Jones seconded, a resolution condemning "the seizure of the territories of Oude, as one of the worst examples of Indian spoliation." Both gentlemen spoke copiously on the injustice done to the "moral" King of Oude; and the Court attentively listened to their dissertations, without saying one word of reply. Colonel Sykes, on the part of the Directors, explained that they had given every facility to Mr. Jones and Mr. Lewin, by not bringing into operation the law that required the presence of twenty proprietors at any discussion. They were willing that the opinions of those proprietors should go forth to the world. Both the Directors and the Government have approved and supported the policy of Lord Dalhousie, and that rendered it unnecessary to argue the question. The resolution was negatived without a division.

THE FINAL REVIEW OF THE GERMAN LEGION, previously to its being disbanded, took place at Wyvenhoe Park, near Colchester, on Tuesday last. There were about 6,000 men upon the ground, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Von Hake, of the 2nd Brigade.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE VALUABLE COLLECTION OF CLASSICAL ANTIQUITIES, formed by the late Sir Wm. Temple, during a long residence in Naples, has been left by the deceased to the British Museum.

THE CURATE OF ST. OLAVE'S CHURCH, EXETER, of which the Rev. Charles R. Roper, M.A., is rector, lately performed Divine service with a large gold cross on his back.

ROSSINI, THE COMPOSER, arrived at Strasburg some days ago on his return from Baden. In the evening he went to the theatre, where an ovation had been prepared for him. He stopped at Strasburg one day, and then left for Paris.

THE COUNTY JAIL OF LANCAHIRE is now almost self-supporting. A very large number of articles are manufactured there from cocoa-nut fibre, by the prisoners. These articles are exported largely to America.

THE SULTAN, according to report, has proposed to the Papal Government some measures in favour of Roman Catholic subjects in Turkey, and a meeting of cardinals and prelates, presided over by the Pope, has been held to discuss the matter.

A RESPONSIBLE OFFICIAL in one of the principal railway companies having a terminus at Liverpool, has, it is said, been discharged for tampering with the books.

KOSSUTH is to deliver two lectures at the New Free-trade Hall, Manchester, during the second week in November; the first being on the "Austrian Concordat with the Pope of Rome," and the second on the "Present State of Italy."

THE CHOLERA is dying out in Madeira. Owing to its entire cessation at Funchal a solemn Te Deum was performed there on the 7th ult. It was calculated that about 6,000 people, or one-third of the inhabitants of the island, had fallen victims to the disease.

THE EX-QUEEN OF THE FRENCH, accompanied by the children of the Duke de Nemours, and a suite of about thirty persons, have been staying at Mallock.

SIX NEW GUN-BOATS are being constructed at Blackwall; they are to be an additional 100 tons burden.

THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF SOUTHAMPTON, who seem to be smitten with a mania for public dinners, have invited Dr. Russell of the "Times," who is now on his way home from Russia, to a banquet. He will, we presume, refuse the honour.

PERIA has proposed to refer to the arbitration of a foreign Power its differences with England.

M. THALBERG is on his way to America a second time—this time meditating a voyage to the United States, where he intends, it is said, to perform on the Orgue Alexandre or Seraphine.

AT LEITH a lady has been sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment for an assault on her servant.

THE EARL OF CAITHNESS, among his other mechanical inventions, has constructed a machine for sawing stone.

FORTY-EIGHT CRIMEAN medals have been taken by the police from pawnshops in Clonmel; the pawnbrokers will be prosecuted.

THE LOSSES occasioned to the French navy in the expeditions to the Crimea, the Baltic, and Petropavlovski, during the recent war with Russia, amounted to 1,849 officers and men.

SOME FRENCH OFFICERS have been permitted to take service in the Papal army, now being increased and reformed.

THE EARL OF DERRY is stated to be in indifferent health.

THERE is some talk of a probable meeting of the Czar and the Emperor of the French at Nice during the winter.

ESTABLISHMENTS are in course of formation at the French settlement in New Caledonia for the reception of political and other prisoners.

THE VARIOUS PUBLIC COMMISSIONS OF INQUIRY since 1830 have cost the country £768,000.

AN AUSTRALIAN AUXILIARY STEAM CLIPPER COMPANY has been formed to establish a line of ships between London and Plymouth and Melbourne: capital, £250,000.

ON SATURDAY a respectably dressed young female threw herself over Waterloo Bridge and was drowned.

BARON HUMBOLDT attained his eighty-seventh birthday on the 14th ultimo. Though the venerable philosopher finds it advisable to withdraw somewhat from the excitements of society, he remains intellectually fresh and vigorous.

PRINCE ALBERT has added £10 to the £20 granted by the British Association at Cheltenham in aid of the geological and geographical researches of Madame Ida Pfeiffer in her intended travels in Madagascar.

ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, which has been rebuilt at an expense of £10,000, will be opened in the latter end of November next. The monument by Marchetti, to the daughter of Charles I., which is to be placed in the church by command of the Queen, is nearly finished.

THE NEW SHERIFFS, Messrs. Mechi and Kents, attended at Guildhall on Saturday, to make the declaration and have the oaths of office administered to them.

THE NEW BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL has given us a proof of his humility. On arriving at the Gloucester station recently, some gentlemen who met him there wished to deliver him from his carpet bag; when his Lordship sweetly replied, "Do you think because I am made a bishop I cannot carry my own carpet bag?"

A VERY DETERMINED SUICIDE has occurred in the Gloucester County Jail. A shopkeeper, named Peacock, was confined there for debt; he has been for some time insane, and a prey to the most exaggerated religious delusions. On Wednesday week he was found in his cell with his throat cut; he was dead.

A MEETING OF ELECTORS is about to be held in Glasgow, with the view of calling on Mr. John McGregor to resign his seat.

THE LANDED GENTRY AND FARMERS OF EAST KENT recently held a meeting, at which it was resolved to adopt such regulations for the care of their horses and cattle on Sundays as may allow all the farm servants to attend Divine worship.

AN EXHIBITION of the works of local and native artists, will be held at Manchester in the new picture gallery, which is being erected in Peel Park, adjoining the present Museum.

A CIRCULAR granting compensation to Crimean officers for the passage home of their horses has been issued.

SATURDAY LAST being the anniversary of the death of Marshal Saint-Arnaud, a mass for the repose of his soul was celebrated in the chapel of the Invalides, Paris.

A RAILWAY FROM STRATFORD-ON-AVON to the Great Western line, at or near Hutton, is again projected.

ALDERMAN FINNIS has been elected to the mayoralty of the city of London for the following year.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON on Tuesday formally lodged his resignation with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN, as a member of Parliament, is it seems out of the question, since a person once convicted of high treason can never sit in the House of Commons.

A MR. JOHN GREGORY, "banker of London," has been down to Totness, and announced himself as a candidate on the Conservative interest, in opposition to the present members, Lord Gifford and Mr. Mills.

MR. SALT, the well-known alpaca manufacturer of Saltaire, lately gave a most liberal entertainment to his work people, to the number of nearly 8,000. The work people, on the other hand, presented their employer with a bust of himself, sculptured by Mr. Milnes.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT (says the "Debats") is at this moment endeavouring to form alliances with those European Powers, not parties to the treaty of Paris, who may be disposed to adopt the additional article respecting the immunity of merchant vessels and merchandise from capture even by men of war.

A HUNGARIAN REFUGEE—a gentleman of good birth and high attainments—died of starvation last week in Hull. For weeks previous, the unfortunate gentleman and his family had been living on an income of three shillings a week.

A PASSENGER TRAIN ran into a coal train on the North Kent line on Tuesday. No lives were lost, but some dozen passengers were severely bruised and shaken.

THE SURREY GARDENS are closed for the season.

MR. CHAMPTON, late the representative of her Majesty in America; the Hon. Duncan Bligh, late ambassador at Hanover; and Mr. Magennis, chief of our embassy in Sweden, have been created Knight Commanders of the Bath.

THE SCOTCH PAPERS say that Dr. Tait, the new bishop of London, is the first Scotchman who has reached the Episcopal bench since the death of Gilbert Burnet, bishop of Salisbury, in 1715.

MADAME RISTORI is performing at Brussels.

AN AUSTRIAN SQUADRON has appeared off Malta.

AN ASSOCIATION for the encouragement of art manufacture has been formed in Edinburgh, on the principle of applying the Art Union system to ornamental manufactures.

A FERRY STEAMER was run down and sunk in the Mersey on Monday; no lives were lost.

THE LOUNGER ABROAD AND AT HOME.

BACK once more to the metropolis; the holiday and the pleasure over; and the old dull mill-horse round commenced again! And, with all my natural grumbling, not sorry to return! For the leaves are falling, and the country growing brown, and everybody is hastening homewards. Then, too, there is the pleasure of meeting with friends, and talking over travellers' adventures; and winter coming on, one is looking forward to cozy fires at the theatres, pleasant go-sittings in club smoking-rooms, and cosy chats by one's own fireside. My regret at leaving Baden was lessened by the thought that I was going to Paris, where I had not been for four years; and I accordingly parted with my travelling companion, who was proceeding on his annual visit to Chamonix. There is a railway from Baden to Kehl, the last German town, and passengers are then conveyed in omnibus over the bridge of boats across the Rhine to Strasburg, where passports are demanded and luggage searched. Both *douaniers* and *gendarmes* seem to have considerably modified their regulations since my last visit to this place, and their examination of our papers and effects was merely formal. The town of Strasburg is, however, a very long way from the Kehl station, or even from the river, and the omnibus journey is excessively tedious. By leaving Baden at two P.M., you are enabled, after taking an hour's rest at Strasburg, to catch a train which arrives at Paris at ten the next morning; but, acting upon the excellent and un-English principle of not "making a toil of pleasure," I determined to sleep at Strasburg. By pursuing this plan I was enabled to see the cathedral, well worth a visit; and as the train which I selected did not leave until half-past twelve, I contrived, by calculating the time to a nicety, and having everything ready for starting, to see the full mechanism of the celebrated clock, which is alone visible at noon. This clock stands just within a doorway on the south side, and is supposed to be one of the most extraordinary pieces of machinery in the world. In addition to the time of day, it tells the day of the year, the state of the moon, and furnishes all that astronomical information usually found at the head of each column in almanacs. The four quarters of the hour are represented each by a figure, the first by an infant, the second by a boy, the third by a man in the prime of life, and the fourth by a very old man. As each quarter sounds, the proper figure appears, passes across a gallery, and exits. There is a second gallery, in the centre of which stands a figure of the Saviour. When the clock strikes twelve, twelve figures representing the apostles issue one by one from a little door and pass across the gallery, each bowing to the Saviour, by whom the salute is returned. At the left side of the clock is a mechanical cock, which, at the striking of noon, claps its wings and crows three times in an extraordinarily natural manner. This clock in conception and execution took nearly forty years. It is the work of an inhabitant of Strasburg, who is still alive, and whose portrait is in the cathedral, close by this splendid specimen of his talent.

The last time I travelled from Strasburg to Paris, I had a pleasant seat in the *salon de la diligence*, which occupied thirty hours in the journey. The "*convoi de grande vitesse*," now gets over the distance in ten, but they are not very long hours. The scenery is uninteresting, and the time of stoppage is badly chosen. For instance, though starting at half-past twelve, passengers cannot dine until they reach Epervan, at half-past seven. Here is a *table d'hôte*, meagre and bad enough, considering that it costs three francs and a half; and here you, on the principle adopted by the Surrey Gardens, have a glass of Epervan champagne for half-a-franc. We arrived at Paris a little before eleven; and being curious to see the *meuble* of the Grand Hotel du Louvre, to which the "*Times*" about twelve months since devoted a leader, I tried to get admittance there, though warned that it would be difficult, as they were always full. As it turned out, the only room vacant was an *alcôve*, and, as in these houses they never count the *entresol*, I knew it would be a good half-hour's climb every time I wanted to reach my bed-room, and so declined the offer; locating myself finally at the Hotel Windor, next door to Meurice's, a good house, but almost spoiled by its pertinacious attempts to be English. I do not know whether it is that I am getting older and staid, and perhaps wiser, but certainly Paris appeared to me quite a changed place. I do not speak of its outward aspect; this, of course, is changed enough. I had no conception that such extraordinary alterations and improvements as those which have been effected in the Rue de Rivoli and its neighbourhood were practicable in so short a space of time; but, Paris being now eleven hours from London, of course your readers know all about the pullings-down and the buildings-up which have taken place. What I allude to is the influence of the place, which I have always found most holiday-like and exhilarating. This last visit had quite the contrary effect. To be sure, it was a bad time of year, all regular Parisians being away, and the town filled with provincials and foreigners; but the characteristics of the people appeared to me to be changed. They seem to have lost that exuberant gaiety; they appear more heavy, methodical, business-like. Shopkeepers, who formerly always looked as if they were playing at shop, are now in real earnest about it. The knowledge of the English language has spread wonderfully. There is now scarcely a house of business that has not its *affiche* "English spoken" while Bass's pale ale, York hams, tongues, roast-beef, Harvey's sauce, and other condiments, without which we are supposed unable to exist, are announced in the vernacular, all over Paris. Britons, properly arrayed, are seen in every street; while the drivers of the *remises* actually, on seeing an unmistakable "Brown," address him with "Cab, sarré!" It is a bad time also for amusements, the summer gardens being nearly over, the winter theatres scarcely begun. However, in spite of the virtuous "*Times*," I went to the Vaudeville to see Doche in the eternal "*Dame aux Camélias*," and to the Porte St. Martin, where Fechter is playing in a long, wearisome, uninteresting piece called the "*Fils de la Nuit*," into which is introduced a ship in full sail, with better effect than I have ever before seen. The vessel is what is technically termed "practicable," built on the stage, large enough to hold some thirty people, and so well contrived that the various nautical evolutions, which I know nothing about, and cannot therefore call by their right names, are admirably executed. Our London managers might get a good hint from this.

There does not seem very much news at home. I see Mr. Forster, the well-known and talented editor of the "*Examiner*," has married Mrs. Colburn, widow of the publisher, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, editor of the "*Quarterly*," and I hear that Mr. Peter Cunningham is hard at work upon an edition of "*Walpole's Letters*," which will shortly be produced under the auspices of Mr. Bentley's trustees.

By the way, I hear that some journals have been filling up the dull season by expressing their "anxiety" respecting the fate of Mr. George A. Sala, of "Household Words," who left England for Russia at the end of April last. I am in a position to state that no apprehension has been felt in quarters to which Mr. Sala's communications would naturally be addressed. The only probable anxious persons would be the reading public, who have for some months been expectant of this gentleman's sketches of Russian life and manners; and this influential body of *quidnuncs*, seeing no sign of Mr. Sala in "Household Words," have actually come to the most sinister conclusions as to his health and personal safety. The publication of Mr. Sala's articles on Russia has been hitherto delayed as a matter of policy till their author was safely out of Russia; they are, however, in the press, and their periodical issue will very speedily commence.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

THIS autumnal season of the year scarcely ever passes without a rumour of some new literary undertaking, which, of course, is to take the world by storm, and to supply that void in literary matters, which somehow or other never has been filled up. For the last few weeks all the new papers have contained advertisements of the advent of a "National" Magazine, to be conducted by John Saunders and Westland Marston, to be pre-eminently artistic, and pre-eminently literary, and to be supported by some of the first talent of the day—names of the said first talent being duly announced in the prospectus. The prospectus itself was well worth a study, being framed on the model of the "*People's Journal*," with which one of its "Conductors" (the word "Editor" is now out of fashion) had to do. The combination of amusement with instruction was to be effected, the tone of

the paper was to be "at once liberal and reverential," and the conductors were to show us that "Wisdom and Mirth were not necessarily unmarriageable personages," which must be novel information for those who have ever read the works of two writers named Hood and Dickens. But, what was evidently intended to be the great "effect" of the prospectus was wisely reserved for the conclusion, so that, like a squib, it might finish with a bang. Here it is:—

"They would have their mental edifice resemble a spacious, well-built, and richly-furnished palace, where one passes from the grave council-chamber to the social banquet-hall, not by a step, but by gradual approaches; where even the pleasant chat of the ante-room touches at times upon august themes; where terrace and balcony not only adorn but dignity; and where from some grand commanding site the horizon lies open like a noble future."

Shrewd men the conductors of this Magazine. I have no doubt that the passage just quoted has obtained it hundreds of subscribers among the literary institutions of the country, and it is exactly the style which will drive the members of the Whittington Club frantic with delight. So much for the promise; now for the performance. Before me lies an engraving of one of the most repulsive-looking men I ever saw, with thick, coarse features, a scowling expression, and an unusual quantity of thick, matted, negro-like hair. Upon one of his arms is tattooed the name of the artist, on the other the name of the engraver, and beneath the picture is a facsimile of the signature, "A. Tennyson." We are all of us apt to picture in our mind's eye the features of men occupying high positions in the world, and very often to form utterly wrong conceptions. I must confess my idea of Mr. Tennyson's appearance, aided by a very spirited engraving published in the "*New Spirit of the Age*," differed much from the sullen blackamoor with which the "*National Magazine*" presents its readers. The article accompanying this portrait is of the blindest and most meagre kind; it repeats all that has been said before of Tennyson's nationality, appreciation, and power of description of English pastoral beauty, &c.; it quotes all those passages which every Tennysonian first points out to a neophyte, and occasionally we have some original criticism of this stamp:—"How true is the line in 'Ulysses'—

'Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.'

"Windy Troy, swept by the same gusts that drive to-day over an English wold!" There's appreciation of poetic beauty for you! After this article, throughout the whole of which there is a good deal of that style of writing which I have quoted from the prospectus, comes a paper called "Biarritz," giving a description of the Empress Eugenie's favourite bathing-place, on the approved "Household Words" model, but utterly lacking the neatness of writing and the force which distinguish the papers in the latter periodical. We then have the "History of the Stereoscope," by Sir David Brewster, in which Mr. Wheatstone's claim to be the inventor is denied; the principal merit is given to a Mr. Elliott. The article concludes with a most deliberate puff of the "London Stereoscopic Company," (whose two addresses he prints in full,) and of "my treatise on the Stereoscope, just published, entitled, &c." Mr. Wilkie Collins's story called "Uncle George, or the Family Mystery," is the best paper in the number; yet this is very poor, compared to the generality of stories from his pen. I forgot to mention that with this first number is given a mediocre engraving of Sir Charles Eastlake's picture "The Salutation."

"Fraser" is capital this month, opening with an article on the Bashibazouks, who are treated of in their picturesque, ludicrous, and utilitarian aspects. The writer is evidently well acquainted with his subject, and while allowing their picturesque appearance, he is most strongly opposed to the system under which they were raised, and trusts that "England will think twice ere she re-organise the force of irregulars which she has just disbanded." In the course of the article, a capital anecdote is related of General Windham, who, some years ago, when travelling in the Desert, attended by only one Englishman, his soldier-servant, was threatened by an Arab, who endeavoured to extract from him an unconscionable amount of piastres, with the threat of leaving him alone in the Desert if the demand were not complied with. Windham, however, directed the Goldstreamer to seize the sheik, and gave him such a thorough British "towel," that the Arab not only gave in, but throughout the rest of the journey maintained the most respectful behaviour. "The Last House in C— Street" is a short story, written with much nice feeling and appreciation of domesticity. It is evidently by a female hand—I should imagine Miss Mulock most likely. There is an article on James Montgomery, in which the amiable man and pleasing poet is spoken of with much kindness and respect, while his biographers, Messrs. Holland and Everett, are soundly rated, not only for carelessness but for utter incompetence for the performance of their task. The articles on "Old Rings," which for some months have appeared in "Fraser," being brought to a conclusion, we have now the first of a new series by the same author on "Ancient Gems." There are also two papers, one a "Journal of a Tour in the Crimea," the other a review of M. Guizot's "Richard Cromwell," and an excellent short story, which will delight all old Etonians by the author's reminiscences of Dr. Keate.

A quaint, curious, rambling paper in "Blackwood," is entitled "Wayside Songs," containing very many pretty poetical scraps, some original, but the majority translated from Goethe, Heinrich Heine, and some minor German poets. "The Athelings" is continued with much more spirit and interest than we were led to look for at the commencement of the story. Under the title of "Mr. Battle's Review," some real and some imaginary poets are criticised in a manner which reminds one of the old "Blackwood" style. There is a quaintly written article called "Family History," upon the lives of some of the Lindsay and Balcarras family; the third part of "Seaside Studies," and a very complimentary review of Lieutenant Burton's African Travels.

A change appears to have come over the spirit of the "Train," which now contains occasional articles of heavier calibre than was originally intended. The alteration is an improvement, as the "light" writers are still continued on the staff, and the additions serve as ballast to their contributions. Mr. Brough's new chapter of "Marston Lynch" does not make much progress with the story, but gives a capital description of the first night of Marston's new play at the Cork Street Theatre, and of his subsequent "elevation," in which state Mr. McConnell has illustrated him with much humorous fidelity. M. Théophile Gautier's experiences in the English metropolis afford Mr. Yates the groundwork of an article, which he calls "Foreigners in London," and the essence of Mr. Chappell's admirable "Popular Music of the Olden Time" is extracted by Mr. Palgrave Simpson in a paper called "Old English Dances." Mr. Hale has some excellent verses, after the model of Mr. Sala's "Caviar and Rudesheimer," entitled "the Baron Ose," very quaintly illustrated by Mr. Bennett.

I must reserve the notices of "Bentley," the "Dublin," "New Monthly," and "Tait" until next week.

THE ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION AT BATH AND BRIDGEWATER.

(TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ILLUSTRATED TIMES.")

Sept. 26, 1856.

SIR,—The superabundant animal spirits of your Archeological Correspondent (I wish so quizzical a wit had affixed his name to his paper, and afforded us the opportunity of reciprocating a laugh at his peculiarities, of which, I will venture to say, he has a capital crop) ought to have saved him from committing so atrocious a murder of a good story as that relating to the repair of the Bath Abbey Church, by Bishop Montague. Nothing can be more bald and pointless than your Correspondent's version; but the anecdote is both witty and curious, as told in that witty and curious book the "Nugæ Antiquæ." Permit me to transcribe it for your Correspondent's edification:—

"Carousing one day with Bishop Montague near the Abbey, it happened to rain, which afforded an opportunity of asking the Bishop to shelter himself within the church. Especial care was taken to convey the Prelate into that aisle which had been spoiled of its lead, and was nearly roofless. As this situation was far from securing his Lordship against the weather, he remarked to his merry companion that it did not shelter him from the rain. 'Doth it not, my Lord,' said Sir John; 'then let me sue your bounty towards covering our poor church; for if it keep not us safe from the WATERS above, how shall it save others from the FIRE beneath?' At which jest the Bishop was so well pleased that he became a liberal benefactor both of timber and lead; and his benefaction procured a complete roofing to the north aisle of the Abbey Church after it had been in ruins for many years."—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, &c.

A MEMBER, WHO WAS NOT THERE.

PRESENTATION INKSTAND TO M. BENEDETTI.

PRESENTATIONS to the valiant in war have been numerous enough perhaps, also, those have been numerous enough which have fallen to people never known to exhibit any warlike quality whatever. It is a relief, then, to hear of presentations to the counsellors in peace. The gift of the British Government to M. Benedetti is, indeed, invested with a kind of propriety to which that Government is by no means addicted: that it could have originated the idea we hardly can imagine. M. Benedetti, however, will be good enough to believe that a graceful act can be done by Englishmen, and that it is possible for a British Cabinet to acknowledge merit, and live; and that is all we have to care about in the matter.

We find the presentation described as "a very elegant *objet d'art*," forming an inkstand. The inkstand is adorned by a group representing a Turkish chief and an Arabian horse at a well in the desert, which is overshadowed by a palm-tree. These figures are modelled by Mr. Armistead, and are indeed very characteristic and spirited. The whole was manufactured in silver, by Mr. Hancock, in an elaborate manner; and taken altogether, it is an excellent specimen of English art manufacture. It is supported on a plinth of ebony, having the royal arms of England chased in high relief on each side of it. M. Benedetti, it is scarcely necessary to say, was formerly French Minister at Constantinople, and from his knowledge of the Eastern question, was selected as secretary to the Plenipotentiaries at the recent Conference at Paris. This piece of plate is presented to him in token of respect for his services on that occasion.

ROYAL BRITISH BANK.—Vice-Chancellor Kindersley has confirmed the appointment of Mr. Harding as interim manager of the affairs of this bank. The interim manager will have to enter into such an amount of recognisances as the court may direct, and he will also have to find two or more sureties. Now that the order absolute for winding up the affairs of the bank has been made, none of the assets can be disposed of except by order of the court, and the manager will at once, under the order of the court, call upon all parties to deliver up all books of account, deeds, instruments, cash, bills, notes, and papers, including "the little book with the little key," kept by Mr. Cameron, the manager. The court will proceed to determine what parties will be entitled to attend proceedings, and will appoint representatives of contributories or shareholders, who are entitled to inspect the books and papers there. Criminal proceedings may be taken for stealing, embezzlement, or misappropriation, on behalf of the shareholders, by the manager, and a penalty of £100 may be enforced on any contributory concealing the estate of the company. Creditors will now have to be called in, and the list of contributories will then be settled. The Welsh works of this company are in the Llynvi Valley, Glamorganshire, near Bridgend. The Llynvi Valley Railway connects the works with the Little Harbour of Portcawl, distant about six miles, and a short line of rails branching from the same railway brings them into communication with the South Wales Railway at Stornay, three or four miles from Bridgend. The works are known as the Cefu works, and comprise the Cefu Case and Park Ty Gunter iron works and collieries. The iron works consist of three blast furnaces for the manufacture of pig iron, with the necessary adjuncts of a blast engine and hot air stoves, casting houses, refiners, and workshops. The colliery affords access to a very extensive tract of coal and iron ore, occupying, in seams averaging in thickness from four to thirty feet, more than a thousand acres of land.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND THE CLERGY OF THE DIOCESE.—An address, signed by the archdeacons, rural deans, and between 400 and 500 of the clergy of the diocese of London, was presented by the archdeacons to the Bishop of the diocese, at Fulham Palace, on Saturday last. The address originated in "the memorable and to us deeply affecting occasion" of his Lordship's retirement from the superintendence of the diocese, and the "desire to approach his Lordship with the expression of our most affectionate regret."

THE FLOGGING OF WOMEN IN MARYLEBONE WORKHOUSE.—The proceedings in this case, up to the present time, may be summarised as follows:—The Poor Law Board appointed an inspector, Mr. Cane, to inquire into the recent flogging cases. That gentleman made his report to the Poor Law Board, and upon that report the Poor Law Board called upon the directors and guardians to dismiss the master, but made no reference to the porters, it having been understood that the two porters, Green and Brown, had voluntarily resigned. A rather hasty resolution was come to by the directors and guardians, at once sitting any authority which the Poor Law Board presumed they possessed at defiance. Again, the Poor Law Board sent down to the directors and guardians of St. Marylebone a peremptory order for the immediate dismissal of the master of the workhouse. This was also set at defiance by the directors and guardians, and a communication directed to be sent to the Poor Law Board, informing them that the directors and guardians of the poor of St. Marylebone declined to carry out any such order. Thus the matter stands, and it is supposed that the next communication from the Poor Law Board will be in some legal form, which it is the determination of the guardians to meet and contest.

THE WILKINGTON MONUMENT.—Independently of 150 specifications containing plans of St. Paul's Cathedral, which have been sent abroad, and about 100 more which will be required for the same purpose, no less than 350 applications have been sent in from architects, sculptors, and other artists, for copies of the specifications.

THE NEW PUBLIC OFFICES.—The proposed new War and Foreign offices are to be in Downing Street, and on the vacant space of ground which the Government already possesses in that locality. The specifications for the new Foreign Office state that the architects are to prepare designs for public offices, and an official residence. The Foreign Office, exclusive of the official residence, will altogether consist of nearly 200 rooms, some of them of splendid dimensions. For instance, there are to be two libraries, each 120 feet long by 30 feet. The building is to be fire proof, the rooms lofty, and the corridors wide. The official residence is to contain one state dining-room, to accommodate fifty persons, with apartments adjoining for occasional supper and tea rooms, library, morning-room, &c., five reception rooms en suite on the first floor, to accommodate 1,500 visitors; one or more principal staircases to and from the reception rooms; about twelve or fourteen bed-rooms, with a suitable number of dressing-rooms, and all the other requirements of a nobleman's town house. The proposed building for the War Department will be still larger, although there is to be no official residence attached to it. The number of rooms altogether will approach very nearly to 270. The dimensions of all of them are to be good, and especial attention is to be directed to their being constructed of proper heights, and with reference to good and sufficient ventilation. The whole of both the offices are to be warmed throughout by an apparatus below, in the basement of the buildings. No restriction in the specifications are made as to cost.

LORD CARDIGAN has published a correspondence with Colonel Buck, in which he vindicates his conduct at the famous Balaklava charge.

THE MARINE MONSTER.

As a rumour of the Great Sea Serpent having been once more seen has perhaps by this time reached our readers, we hasten to give what information we have been able to collect on this subject, and to present a sketch of the monster in question.

We confess that when informed the other day that this wonderful reptile had been once more seen, and this time by the commander of a ship called the *Princess*, on her way from China, and now loading at the London Dock jetty, preparatory to sailing for Melbourne, we could not help fancying that the story was an invention by some facetious dog, with the object of getting passengers for the vessel on her outward voyage, or something of that kind. We confess, however, that the interview with which we were favoured with Captain Tremearne, a man of clear intelligence and high respectability, quite convinced us that we were altogether wrong in our surmise, and that there is no humbug—no delusion—about the matter.

It appears that about noon on the 8th of July, when the *Princess* was on her homeward voyage, Captain Tremearne espied, at no great distance, an object in the water which somewhat resembled a tree. Gradually, a head appeared, which looked like a helmet; and the idea rushed upon the Captain that this was no other than the wonderful sea-serpent, of which so much has been heard at different times.

Captain Tremearne, who had that morning been shooting birds, took his gun and fired a shot, which struck the animal, so that the man at the wheel believed he saw blood.

Here is the extract from the log-book of the *Princess* that refers to the occurrence:—

"Tuesday, July 8, 1856.—Latitude, accurate, 34.56, S.; longitude, accurate, 18.14, E.; gentle breeze, fine weather. At 1 p.m. saw a very large fish, with a head like a walrus, and 12 fins similar to those in a blackfish, but turned the contrary way; the back was from twenty to thirty feet long, also a great length of tail. It is not improbable that this monster has been taken for the great sea-serpent. Fired, and hit it near the head with rifle-ball. At 8 wind fresh and fine."

Until the 13th inst. the *Princess* will be at London Dock jetty, loading for Melbourne, and naturalists or other scientific persons can there make further inquiries, provided they do not subject Captain Tremearne to correspondence or interrupt ship's duties, which are urgent for her speedy departure. The ship's log-book and the rough sketch of the fish can also be inspected.

DEATH OF VISCOUNT HARDINGE, G.C.B.

At one of those pageants which last year, in the absence of news about battles won or fortresses taken, kept alive the military enthusiasm of the nation—it was a review of the Foreign Legion prior to its embarkation for active service—we observed among the royal and noble personages present a little round, smooth-faced old man, with bowed shoulders, and scanty gray hairs escaping from under his large cocked hat, riding easily, though feebly, on his white charger. He wore stars and crosses, a Peninsular medal with many clasps, the gold sash of a general, and crossing that the broad red ribbon of the Bath. One scarlet sleeve hanging loose, showed that he had lost an arm; and no wonder, considering the battles, fortunes, sieges, he had passed. It was Henry, Viscount Hardinge, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

The death of Lord Hardinge, which took place last week at his seat, South Park, Penshurst, reminds people of the distinguished services of the gallant veteran, and the interesting incidents of a brilliant and fortunate career. Hardinge was not one of that class privileged from youth upwards to live in fine houses, to ride in fine carriages, to get everything, and to do nothing. But in an ancestral point of view he was certainly not inferior to most of those who compose our mock-aristocracy. The family from which he sprung, if we may believe genealogists, came originally from Denmark, and was of importance in England while Tudors and Stuarts occupied the throne. One Hardinge maintained territorial state at King's Newton Hall, Derby, as early as the time of Henry VII., and another, who raised a troop of horse during the Civil War for the service of Charles I., had the distinction, after the Restoration, of entertaining Charles II. in his ancestral hall. From this English cavalier descended that Rector of Stanhope who was father of the hero whose portrait appears on this page. It is pleasant enough to find men of this social stamp beating the sons and nephews of our exclusive aristocrats, in one of those professions whose rewards the latter are so ready to monopolise.

Well-nigh seventy-two years since, Henry Hardinge drew his first breath at Wrotham, in Kent. At the age of fifteen, he entered the army as Ensign in the "Queen's Rangers," and forthwith joined his regiment, which was then on active service in Canada. While there



THE LATE VISCOUNT HARDINGE.—(FROM A PAINTING BY F. GRANT, R.A.)

(COPIED BY PERMISSION FROM THE ENGRAVING PUBLISHED BY MISS L. COGNACHT OF P. 1 MAIL POST)

Napier thus describes the attack made by Hardinge during that fearful day upon a French division posted upon an eminence formidable for defence:—

"Myers are killed, Cole is killed, and Colonels Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe fell, badly wounded, and the whole brigade, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships. Suddenly recovering, however, they closed on the terrible enemy; and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult by voice and gesture animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the bravest veterans, extricating themselves from the crowded column, sacrifice their lives to gain time and space for the mass to open out on another hill; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and, fiercely striving, break indiscriminately on friends and foes with the horsemen, hovering on the flanks, threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that rushing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes bent on the dark columns in their front; their measured tread shook the ground; their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation; their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd on foot, by foot, and with a horrid name, it was driven by the vigour of the attack to the northern edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves, joining with the struggling multitude, endeavour to sustain the fight; their efforts only increased the irretrievable confusion, and the mighty mass, at length going away like a bowing cliff, went headlong down the ascent."

When Napoleon made his escape from Elba, Hardinge again entered upon active service, and was attached as Commissioner to the Prussian army. He was not, however, present on the great day of Waterloo, having lost his left hand while fighting with Blücher at Ligny.

When peace was restored to Europe, Hardinge married a widowed daughter of the first Lord Londonderry, commenced his official career as Clerk of the Ordnance, and in 1826 was returned to the House of Commons as member for Durham. During the Peninsular War, and the campaign of 1815, Hardinge had won the entire confidence of the Duke of Wellington, and when the Conqueror of Waterloo became Prime Minister of England, he accepted, in 1828, the office of Secretary at War—a post which, in 1830, he exchanged for that of Secretary for Ireland. Hardinge, it is stated, hesitated to accept high office on the ground of his inaptitude for parliamentary speaking; but the Duke cut this ob-

Hardinge displayed such qualities as indicated unmistakably that he was engaged in a career for which he had been fitted by nature; and he had next the fortune to be attached to Sir John Moore's ever-memorable expedition. At Corunna, he acted with a zeal and courage which attracted the eye, and excited the admiration, of Marshal Beresford. Lord Hardinge, it is said, used frequently to tell the story, how, after the battle of Corunna, when the English troops were hurrying on board ship, a staff officer was anxious to gain the friendly shelter of the English fleet. The keen eye of Beresford, who was superintending the embarkation, detected the vigour and capacity of a young officer who was employing himself most zealously in the discharge of his duty. That young officer was Henry Hardinge, and from that moment his fortune was made. He was required to act in the place of the expeditious staff officer, and Beresford never forgot his activity and zeal.

Thus it came to pass, that when, at a subsequent period, Beresford was charged with the important duty of preparing the Portuguese to take an active share in the contest with the veteran troops of Napoleon, he remembered the young officer who had done such good service on the beach at Corunna, summoned him to his aid, and gave him a brigade in the Portuguese service "before he was twenty-five." After a time his foreign grade was commuted for British rank, and he served nearly the whole war as Deputy-Quartermaster of the Portuguese army. A record of his services includes every action, siege, or battle of consequence in the Peninsula. Almería, Rólica, Basaco, Torres Vedras, Albuera, Badajoz, Ciudad Rodrigo, at the great battles of Salamanca and Vittoria, at Pampeluna, the Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, and Orthes, the young and gallant soldier did his duty faithfully and well.

At Albuera, however, it was that Beresford performed his most celebrated exploit. The battle was one of the most bloody on record, in proportion to the number of the combatants; and Napier in his "History of the Peninsular War," thus relates how Hardinge turned the fortune of the day:—

"Destruction stared him (Beresford) in the face; his personal resources were exhausted, and the unhappy thought of a retreat rose in his agitated mind. He had before brought Hamilton's Portuguese into a situation to cover a retrograde movement; he now sent orders to General Alten to abandon the bridge and village of Albuera, and to assemble with the Portuguese artillery in such a position as would cover a retreat by the Valverde Road. But, while the Commander

was thus preparing to resign the contest, Colonel Hardinge, using his name, ordered General Cole to advance with the Fourth Division; and then riding to the third brigade of the Second Division, which, under the command of Colonel Abercrombie, had hitherto been only slightly engaged, directed him to push forward into the fight. The die was then cast, and Beresford acquiesced. Alten received orders to retake the village, and the terrible battle was continued."



SPROTBOROUGH CHURCH, YORKSHIRE.—(G. SCOTT, A.R.A. ARCHITECT.)

jection short, assuring him that there was no difficulty, if he would "only take care not to speak about what he did not understand, and never quote Latin."

During the first and short-lived Peel Administration, Hardinge again held the Irish Secretaryship, and when Sir Robert was elevated to power in 1841, he took his old department; but in 1844, he left the House of Commons to become Governor-General of India, about the time when war broke out in the Punjab. Most people remember how, when British dominion in the East was threatened by the Sikhs, the military fire of the soldier of Albuera flashed forth in the veteran Governor-General, how he, with his gallant son, stood in the thick of those tremendous battles, and helped to add fresh lustre to the British name. Few passages in our recent annals are better known than the brilliant period of the great Sikh wars. Moodkee, Aliwal, and Soobraon are imperishable names; nor will it be readily forgotten, that throughout the whole campaign the Governor-General of India, though virtually superintending the conduct of the war, was content to act as second in command to Lord Gough.

When the contest was terminated by the pacification of Lahore, the Governor-General of India was munificently rewarded. He was created Viscount Hardinge of Lahore; the East India Company granted him a pension of £5,000; a year and Parliament voted an annuity of £3,000 for himself and his next two successors.

Lord Hardinge, in 1848, resigned the Government of India, and expressed his intention of retiring into private life, but when a year or two had passed over, and Lord Derby was called on to form a Ministry, Lord Hardinge accepted office as Master-General of the Ordnance. On the death of the Great Duke, in 1852, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief; and in 1855 he was advanced to the rank of Field-Marshal.

Lord Hardinge continued to execute his official duties till the 7th of July last. On that day, while attending the Queen at Aldershot, and at the moment of explaining the details of the Crimean Chelsea Report, in the Royal Pavilion, he was seized with an attack of paralysis and fell to the ground. His Lordship was scarcely expected to live through the night, but he rallied in the course of the ensuing day, and was removed to town. Lord Hardinge at once resigned his post as Commander-in-Chief, and in the ensuing week was succeeded by the Duke of Cambridge. Lord Hardinge, so soon as his health permitted, retired to Penshurst, and

till within the last fortnight or so appeared to be recovering his health to some extent. On Tuesday, last week, his Lordship was seized with a second attack, and it was soon apparent that death must ensue in a few hours. On the following forenoon the gallant old soldier breathed his last, surrounded by most of the members of his family—Colonel the Hon. Arthur Hardinge, his son, being absent with Earl Granville's mission to Russia.

SPROTBOROUGH CHURCH.

SPROTBOROUGH, near Doncaster, in itself a small village chiefly distinguished by the princely mansion of the Copley family, has just received a most important architectural addition in the shape of a new church, suited in size to the wants of the neighbourhood, and in design to the beautiful locality in which it has been erected. The idea of the building is similar to that of the well-known church of Skelton, near York, and this was adopted by express desire; but, while the architect has conformed to the general features of his model, he has interpreted its details in a later style of art, viz., that in which the severely simple lines of Gothic were becoming softened by the introduction of diversified curves and tracery in windows. Thus the new edifice presents, on a closer view, some important deviations from the original type. The plan may be described briefly as a parallelogram of about seventy feet by forty, unbroken except by buttresses and the porch on the south side, which, on the flank elevation especially, forms a noble feature. The nave and chancel are contiguous and under one roof, the separation marked externally by a stone bell-turret of two openings. The aisles are divided from the nave, each by an arcade of three bays, of which the pillars are circular, and have richly-carved capitals. The chancel has also two aisles, whose separating arches are richer than those just mentioned. The pulpit, which is handsome, is fixed against one of the piers of the chancel arch, and an organ is placed in an adjoining aisle; the font is also unusually elegant. The roofs are open-timbered, of oak, and some very good stenciling has been introduced by Haynes, of Leicester. The porch has externally a bold doorway, recessed with three shafts, and internally, a stone-ribbed ceiling. The carving throughout has been most carefully executed, partly by Philip, of London, and partly by Harman. Natural foliage, such as the maple and thorn leaf, has been freely used. The whole of the roofing is of green Westmoreland slate, which harmonises excellently with the landscape features around.

It remains to be added that this church owes its existence entirely to the munificence of Sir Joseph Copley, Bart., and that its cost has been little short of £6,000. The architect was G. Gilbert Scott, Esq., A.R.A., and the builder, Mr. William Lee. The consecration took place on Thursday, the 25th ultimo.

The view represented in the engraving is taken from the south-west.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

WINTER cloaks have not yet made their appearance, though many are in course of preparation. Judging from some we have seen in progress, we may fairly venture to say they will be somewhat larger than those worn last winter. At the sea-side, and in the country generally, small cloaks of gray or brown cashmere or cloth are very generally adopted. They may be with or without hoods, but those with drawn hoods are in the majority. Some of these cloaks are ornamented with several rows of fancy trimming, and others are bordered with one broad band of coloured plush.

In bonnets there is little change, except as regards the trimmings, for which ribbons of dark rich hues, as blue, crimson, maroon, &c., intermingled with velvet, are now generally adopted.

The most favourite dresses for the best style of walking costume are those of silk having flounces figured with designs woven in. Dresses of various materials of Norwich manufacture are also very fashionable in out-door costume.

At the recent coronation at Moscow, the dresses worn by the ladies of the court were all ordered from Paris. The trains were, with few exceptions, composed of costly lace, exquisitely fine in texture and tasteful and curious in design. It is scarcely possible to conceive the effect produced by the vast masses of magnificent lace profusely employed on this grand occasion. A train of Venetian point, worn by one of the Princesses of the Imperial family, was figured all over with small Greek crosses, and the border consisted of a broad wreath of laurel roses, worked in exquisite relief. This train, which was lined with white satin, was at intervals gathered up in festoons fastened by bows, ornamented with precious stones.

Another train was of Honiton lace, and was therefore of English manufacture, though made up by a Parisian milliner. It was lined with sky blue satin, and the middle was scattered over with stars. The border consisted of three full rows of Honiton lace, of a pattern composed of flowers and true-lovers' knots. Bows of blue ribbon, made up in the style called true-lovers' knots, fastened the festoons.

A train of Alençon lace was lined with pink satin. The pattern of the middle was a running design of palm-leaves. In the border was introduced the Bird of Paradise with out-spread wings, and executed in marvellous perfection. This design was originally introduced in some of the specimens of lace exhibited at the Palais de l'Industrie, where it excited general admiration. The robes worn with these trains were also of lace.

The Princess Olga ordered from Paris two splendid lace dresses—the one of Honiton, and the other of Venetian point. The former was trimmed with bouquets of pink acacias, and the latter with jasmines. One of the Princesses related to the Imperial family, wore at the coronation a greatly-admired dress. It consisted of a robe and train of white flowered tulle, trimmed with bouillonés sprigged with silver and fastened here and there by pearl bows and tassels. The train was fixed on the shoulders by agraffes of diamonds and pearls. A train, very unique in effect, worn by a Russian lady of high rank, deserves mention. It was composed of glacé of various delicate shades of blue, shot with white; the gradations of colour being so exquisitely blended, that the silk in certain lights presented the hues of the opal. This train was trimmed with flounces of rich Honiton lace, and rows of white and blue feather fringe.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The lady's dress is of gray glacé silk, the skirt trimmed with three rows of black lace, headed by a band of black velvet. Over the dress is worn a tunic *par-dessus* composed of dark maroon-colour moire antique. The skirt of the tunic, like that of the dress, is trimmed with three rows of black lace, with headings of black velvet. The corsage of the tunic is also trimmed in corresponding style, and the loose hanging sleeves are composed of alternate rows of moire, black lace, and velvet. Round the waist the tunic is confined by a cincture of sarsnet ribbon, fastened in a bow and ends in front. The collar and under sleeves are of worked muslin. The bonnet is of maroon-colour crape, trimmed with narrow rows of white blonde and maroon-colour velvet. On one side there is a cluster of grapes and vine leaves. Under trimming to correspond. Bracelets of plaited hair and gold. Gloves of yellow kid.

The little girl's dress is of white and blue chequered silk. It has a double skirt; the lower one descending little more than half a quarter of a yard below the upper one. The corsage is low, and open in front; the opening being confined by horizontal bands of blue velvet, edged with fringe. The *bretelles* are trimmed in corresponding style. The cane-zou, worn within the corsage



FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.



is high to the throat, and is composed of worked jaconnet muslin. The under sleeves, which descend only as low as the elbow, consist of full puffs of jaconnet muslin, finished with narrow frills of needlework. The hat is of gray straw, and has on one side a feather of the same colour; strings of blue sarsnet ribbon, fixed by rosettes of the same under the brim of the hat. Mittens of black silk flet. Trousers of white cambric muslin edged with needlework. Paisley thread stockings, striped horizontally in blue and white. Boots of brown cashmere, tipped with black.

EXPLANATION OF REBUS IN LAST NUMBER.
Pop goes the Weasel.—Pop: G owes the W Easel.

BY THE SEA-SIDE, NO. VI.
EXMOUTH, DEVONSHIRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ILLUSTRATED TIMES."

Exmouth.

SIR,—I was fifty-six last birthday, and have seen the world. I am a strong-minded man, and take in all the blue-books. I have been up in a balloon, and have taken out a patent for an improved steam cannon, which fires twenty boiling shot a minute. This will prove to you that I am a sensible, middle-aged man, and both intellectual and courageous. Therefore, Sir, let me entreat of you—in the name of blushing decency—to spare me a little of your valuable space in your excellent journal, which I often read at a friend's house.

Have you ever been to Exmouth, Sir? Perhaps you have not. I have. I am there now. I leave to-morrow.

As I write these lines, I am on the boil with indignation. I feel my teeth chatter like the lid of a mighty cauldron, as the bubbles of rage rise spitting to my rim. This metaphor will explain to you the state of my feelings—my cheeks burn as if they had been toasted. I will be cool.

Sir, I yesterday morning went out for a walk on the beach. It was half-past ten; and I remember this circumstance particularly, because I had my telescope with me. I always take it with me when I go on the beach. It is fitted with a night-glass. It is by Solomons; one of his best.

I was strolling along, gazing on the gay scene, and humming—never mind what tune, though I like to be minute. I directed my steps towards the bathing-machines. Judge of my horror when I saw before me the most repulsive form I ever beheld.

The women who wait upon the ladies' bathing-machines have chosen to assume a costume, so bold and repulsive that it is impossible to describe it. I make the attempt. Excuse my agitation. My hand trembles as if I were writing with an aspen. I prefer quills.

To be minute. A form attired in coarse trousers, with something on its head like a cowl, approached. I retreated. By its rounded form, and peculiar construction of body, I knew it was a female. It followed me closely. I saw at once that it wished to speak with me. I didn't wish to be spoken to by it. I concluded that it was some mad woman who had put on her husband's clothes by mistake. As I'm a living man, she had only a coarse shirt over her shoulders. Alarmed by being chivied in this manner by so strange a female, I fled.

On speaking to a friend of mine—he is in the timber business, and makes by it a splendid income—he explained the mystery. It appears, Sir, that the bathing women at this place have adopted the male costume. My friend led me back to the spot, where he pointed out half-a-dozen of these masculine nymphs. I was completely petrified. They looked like an assembly of Assyrian gods; you know what I mean—the deities with bird's heads. This is all very proper at the Crystal Palace, but by Jove, Sir, it's too strong for Exmouth.

Now, Sir, pray exercise your powerful influence to stay this bloomer mania. Let me ask you, is the female form adapted to pantaloons? The flowing robe has its charms; but, in the name of Venus, let us rise up to a man against this trouser movement.

I heard a lady—a remarkably interesting creature—scream when one of these wet poses plastiques approached and asked her to bathe. Poor creature, her answer was worthy of her. "Sir," she said, "if you annoy me again, I shall give you in charge." Is this to be borne? I for one will not bear it.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

JAMES CRACKERY.

NOTE BY EDITOR.—We were so startled by this violent letter, that we instantly despatched an artist to Exmouth, that he might make a drawing of the strange costume that has so offended our modest correspondent. We do not in the least agree with Mr. Crackery's vehement remarks. On the contrary, we think the dress a very pretty one, and should like to see it generally adopted. With top-boots it would have a very pleasing effect.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—There was on Saturday another display of the great fountains and the entire system of waterworks at the Crystal Palace, and the last, we regret to say, during the present season. Remembering the high gratification with which thousands have witnessed those that had already gone before, unless, indeed, the Directors shall think it desirable to waive their determination to make it the final one, in consideration of the inauspicious state of the weather, which prevented hundreds of persons being present who would otherwise have been attracted by the spectacle. Not the least of the many advantages which the Palace of Sydenham has brought within reach of the citizens of London in particular, affording, as it does, new means of embellishment to their daily lives, are the scope and materials for recreation, almost inexhaustible and peculiar to itself, which, regardless of atmospheric considerations, it presents to those of them with leisure and means at command. In this respect they may be said to be emancipated in a great measure from the inconveniences of a fickle climate; for now, whatever the weather or the season, they need never lack means of innocent and agreeable entertainment, or of mental improvement, to diversify their ordinary indoor life at home.

HER MAJESTY'S MINT.—The following gentlemen are in the enjoyment of superannuation allowances from this establishment:—Sir James W. Morrison, deputy-master, £920 per annum, retired in 1851, after fifty-eight years' service; Mr. John M. Berwick, master-assaymaster, £800, retired in 1854, after fifty years' service; Mr. George Forbes, senior clerk, £115, retired in 1852, after twenty-one years' service; Mr. Caleb Edward Powell, assistant-solicitor, £339, retired in 1849, after sixty years' service. The following gentlemen are in the enjoyment of compensation allowances, consequent upon the abolition of their offices:—Sir I. Atkinson, provost of moneys, £1,000, office abolished in 1851; Mr. Richard Franklin, moneyer, £900, office abolished in 1851; Mr. Henry Bingley, Queen's assaymaster, £750, office abolished in 1851; Mr. Edward Enfield, moneyer, £600, office abolished in 1851; Mr. Robert Rintoul, moneyer, £500, office abolished in 1851; Mr. H. W. Field, resident assayer, £300, office abolished in 1852; Mr. Leonard C. Wydon, modeller and engraver, £300, office abolished in 1852; Mr. W. T. Brande, superintendent of die and coining department, £200, office abolished in 1852.

INSTRUCTIVE STATISTICS.—Some Parliamentary statistics are supplied by Mr. John P. Gassiot, of the Administrative Reform Association, in a document published this week. He says:—"There have been four sessions in the present Parliament. In the first there were 257 divisions, in the second 240, in the third 218, in the fourth 198. I shall confine myself to the last session, upon which some comments are necessary. Eight members did not record their votes in any of the 198 divisions; 86 were absent 180 times and upwards; 221 were absent 150 and not exceeding 180 times; 244 were absent 100 and not exceeding 150 times; 75 were absent 50 and not exceeding 100 times; 18 were absent 10 and not exceeding 50 times; 1 was absent once; 1 speaker. In the largest division 508 members voted; in the least, 58. 230 members, who represent county constituencies, and 329 representing boroughs, were absent from 100 and upwards of the 198 divisions during the last session; and this shows how necessary it is that constituencies should enforce the attendance of their representatives, for even a single vote may determine the most important question." Mr. Gassiot fully explains how the metropolis was represented. "In the 198 divisions of last session, London was represented fully on only three occasions; Westminster, six; Finsbury, eight; Tower Hamlets, thirteen; Greenwich, sixteen; Marylebone, nineteen; while Lambeth was represented by both members voting together seventy-five, and Southwark, from a similar cause, seventy-three times."

THE BAYONET EXERCISE.—The Commander-in-Chief has issued a circular to ascertain how far the bayonet exercise, introduced into the army some years since, under the superintendence of the late Mr. Angelo, has been found to give confidence to the soldier in the use of the weapon, and what are its effects as a gymnastic exercise; also, what regiments have gone through, or are now going through, the drill.

REPORTED OUTBREAK IN NEW ZEALAND.—Some time since, a collision between the military and the natives was said to have occurred; but subsequent information goes to prove that the report arose out of a fight between the native tribes, which are just now in a very excited and turbulent condition.

Literature.

The War: From the Death of Lord Raglan to the Evacuation of the Crimea. By W. H. RUSSELL, Correspondent of the "Times." London: Routledge and Co.

It is sufficient to record the fact of the publication of this second volume of Mr. Russell's widely-read letters from the Crimea: there is no need to criticise them. The admiration with which they were received on their first appearance may almost be said to have been universal; and now, when they are read apart from the excitement which the news of each shifting phase of this world-renowned siege invariably awakened, they do not suffer by the change of circumstances. Errors there are in them, no doubt, although this edition has been made as far as possible correct, still it will be many years before the English people will possess a better record of the past war than that furnished by the hastily yet admirably written letters of a newspaper correspondent.

Tales of College Life. By CUTHBERT BEDE, B.A. C. H. Clarke. HAVING little taste for hunting small deer, even by way of whet for nobler game, we should hardly have gone out of our way to chase Mr. Cuthbert Bede. But when a small volume with an ornate cover, and so attractive a title as "Tales of College Life," is laid before us, the faculty of repressing every feeling of curiosity as to the contents is more than we can boast of.

From a preface, which, albeit brief, is not without errors, we learn that these tales, having appeared during the last six years in various serials, are now published in a cheap form, to gratify the appetite "of those countless guests who daily sit down at the well-supplied table of literature."

Having read the three tales which the volume contains, viz., "Aeger, a Mistaken Identity," "A Long Vacation Vigil," and "The only Man left in College on Christmas Day," we cannot perceive that the public are under very essential obligations to Mr. Bede for this contribution to what he is pleased to term their "mental banquet." Nay more, we are at a loss to comprehend how any man can deliberately allow such trash to be printed. Such life as is represented does not, unless we are greatly mistaken, exist at any College within the four seas; and the humour is of that description which leads us rather to pity the writer than to laugh at his sallies.

It would be a waste of time and space to expatiate on the faults of a production like this. We know nothing whatever of Mr. Cuthbert Bede, save that the "Tales of College Life" are quite conclusive as to his literary character. It seems, however, that his writings enjoy a wide circulation without deserving it, and we despair, under such circumstances, of producing a salutary effect. We dare say a thorough castigation would only make such a man all the more enamoured of his own powers, or, if not, lead him to address his shilling volume in the memorable words of Sancho's wife—"Never mind your kicks and cuffs, so you've brought home the money."

A History of the Turks. By JOHN M'GILCHRIST. J. Blackwood. THIS book does not appear to us to throw much—nor, indeed, any—new light on the subject to which it relates. The author rather contrives to omit many circumstances which are "familiar as household words" to students of the history of modern Europe. However, as recent events have given new interest to the annals of that extraordinary race, who, gradually extending their conquests from the shores of the Caspian to the Straits of the Dardanelles, seized, in 1453, upon Constantinople, the capital of the Empire of the East, and became for a while the terror of Christendom, we have no doubt this volume, for the information it contains, will be welcome to many. The events which led to the strange and rapid rise, and the principal circumstances connected with the decline, of the Ottoman Power, are narrated with brevity; and the Russian aggression is traced and expatiated upon. While warning our readers that Mr. M'Gilchrist's style is rather rugged than picturesque, we have no hesitation in recommending his book as appearing accurate in so far as the facts related are concerned, and as being worthy of perusal by those who have not better and more instructive histories of the Turks within their reach.

THE "HAMLET."—Mr. Rooney, a bookseller at Dublin, has given us a little history of the copy of the earliest edition of Hamlet, recently discovered. He says, "In the course of trade recently, I was asked to purchase an old edition of Hamlet without title. I purchased it at the price asked, and proceeded to collate it; and, in doing so, I discovered it to be a copy of the first quarto so long unknown. I immediately put myself in communication with his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who had the only other copy known, thinking by that means a perfect copy would be in the possession of his Grace. To this communication I received no reply. I then wrote to the Shakespearean commentator, collector, and vendor, Mr. J. O. Halliwell, who at first doubted that I (I suppose from being merely an Irish bookseller) could be able to trace this quarto to the exact one of 1605. After assuring him that the last page (until then unknown) contained so varied a reading from the subsequent quartos and folios that it stamped it at once, he then asked me to name my price. I stated one hundred guineas; and that, if he did not give me that sum, I would try the British Museum. He wrote me an answer in return—in four pages—offering at the very most fifty guineas, and assuring me, at the same time, that if I expected to get one hundred guineas from the Museum, 'I might whistle for it.' This offer was, on the following day, remanded by Mr. Halliwell. I then proceeded to London, and I went to the British Museum, and, after seeing Mr. Panizzi, he referred me to Mr. Jones. I waited, and told Mr. Jones my business. He immediately answered that he had no money to purchase any books till next spring. I answered that the payment did not matter with me, if he consented to purchase it. He then looked at it, and said, 'We do not buy imperfect books; it is cut down. Well, leave it for a week or so, and call.' I said, 'my time in London would not allow me, and that I would leave it any reasonable time.' With that, he laid it down, and walked away without condescending to reply. I immediately went to Mr. Halliwell, thinking that his love for his art might overcome his opinion of its mercantile value. He then assured me, on his honour, that £40 was over its value to him; only he would give more than another on account of his edition of Shakespeare coming out. He then refused me any decided offer. I afterwards sold it to a London tradesman, who sold it to this same collector, and then this gem—in the hands of an Irish bookseller, two days before that, was imperfect, cut down, not worth more than £40—is purchased as the greatest literary treasure for £120."

MURDER THROUGH JEALOUSY.—A shocking murder has been committed at a place called Ogley Hay, Staffordshire. A railway labourer named Burrows, and a fellow navvy named Fisher, lodged together, and were employed on the public works in the neighbourhood. Fisher was jealous of Burrows, whom he suspected of an improper intimacy with his wife. The parties, it seems, were drinking together at a public-house at Brownhills, and quarrelled and fought, after which they went home together, where the quarrel was renewed. Fisher was standing at the door of his house, when after some wrangling Burrows seized a heavy poker, with which he struck Fisher a fearful blow on the back of his head, literally dashing his brains out, and killing him on the spot. Burrows was immediately afterwards apprehended, and at a subsequent examination a verdict of wilful murder was returned against him.

LAW AND CRIME.

A SOLDIER went into the Railway Tavern, near Fenchurch Street, and, having drunk two glasses of ale, drew his bayonet and threatened the bystanders indiscriminately, instead of paying for his liquor. At the Mansion House he could only allege as an excuse that he was drunk at the time, and that he had just returned from the Crimea. Mr. Alderman Cubitt said that his having been to the Crimea was certainly a plea for mitigation of punishment. Mr. Alderman Cubitt is not the first magistrate who has allowed himself to be swayed by this principle, but now that the public begin to be familiarised with "heroes," it is to be hoped that the allegation will not much longer serve a drunken rioter in good stead. There were men who fought nobly and behaved well in that dismal campaign, there were others who enlisted because compelled by circumstances, fought to save their lives (as cats and badgers will), and, having the luck to escape being shot, consider their "heroism" entitles them for the rest of their existence to run a-muck among peaceful citizens. These latter are not the men whom England has to thank and honour, although they may be the "Crimean heroes in trouble" who figure occasionally in our police reports. However, as Alderman Cubitt very properly fined the tavern hero in the heaviest sum a magistrate could inflict, the heroism does not appear to have gone for much. He was fined £5, or sentenced

to twenty-one days' imprisonment in default. Thus we see the exact amount of imprisonment considered in the City of London to be equivalent to £5. But at Bow Street, on Monday, John Manby was brought up for judgment, having been discovered, mad-drunk, kneeling on his wife's chest, beating her furiously. When remonstrated with, he flew at the chest of the person interrupting this sportive pastime; and, missing his aim, all but strangled an unoffending neighbour who, when released from the murderous grasp, fell insensible. Mr. Hall of Bow Street fined John Manby three pounds; and the sentence of imprisonment, in default, was for six weeks. So that the arithmetic of our criminal law, as administered by our justices, admits of this formula: as five pounds are to twenty-one days' imprisonment, so are three pounds to six weeks. If there be anything wrong here, it cannot be in the figures.

A young man was brought before the Lord Mayor, and charged with detaining a Newfoundland dog, claimed by a Mr. Hughes. It was given in evidence for the defence that the dog really belonged to its possessor, the young man's employer, and had done so for a period of eighteen months, when it was presented to him by a witness, who confirmed the statement. On the other hand, the claimant asserted that he had lost the animal only a short time previously. The dog's evidence was taken, and he recognised and obeyed both parties, just as he might have been expected to do had he been lost by the one and subsequently fed by the other. To the mind of the Lord Mayor this fact appeared to lend additional intricacy to the case. His Lordship directed the parties to seek redress in the Sheriff's Court, "where the judge would no doubt be able to settle the matter." By this direction was necessitated a perfectly wanton expense, as the matter was clearly within his Lordship's jurisdiction. But beyond this it involves the confession that the Under Sheriff, or salaried barrister, who presides at the Sheriff's Court, is far more capable of deciding a question of the most ordinary kind than the supreme judicial functionary of the City. So far was bad enough, but what follows is still more absurd. Policeman 666 was to take charge of the dog meanwhile, and charge the legal claimant for its keep, so that that fortunate person will have to pay for the detention of his own dog out of his possession. That the unjust or mistaken claimant ought to be charged with the expense would have borne some slight colour of justice. By the way, a curious quibble might arise as to the future proceedings. Is A, the claimant, to sue B, the last owner, for the possession of the dog which B has not got, having by judicial direction given it up to policeman C? Or is B, to sue A, or either or both to proceed against C, who has the dog, but would plead that he had been ordered to keep it by the Lord Mayor, on the sole ground that he is the only one of the three who alleges no right to it? The Hebrew monarch of old has shown for our admiration how startling and apparently insuperable difficulties on a judicial question may be solved by human wisdom; our civic Cuius Magistrate by this judgment of Solomon proves how readily a Lord Mayor may struggle into absurdity, even while evading an adjudication on a simple matter of fact.

Some curious disclosures have been made in the case of Stowell, the well-known informer, who, it may be remembered, was claimed as a clerk by an attorney residing in Kennington Lane. Another attorney, named Bingham, was examined in the case on Friday, the 26th ult. Mr. Bingham said that he was an attorney, and his office was at No. 1, Thanet Place, Strand. Stowell was not, nor ever was, his clerk. He had never represented Stowell to be his clerk. Stowell had been in the habit of bringing him business, to which he used to attend, and about which there had been an understanding between them. His (Mr. Bingham's) name had been in the window of an office fitted up by Stowell for some weeks; but he never paid any rent for the office, nor was it his. It was Stowell's. Recollected a gentleman coming to that office in a brougham, and Stowell, he believed, took his instructions. He (Mr. Bingham) did not pay the rent of his office, No. 1, Thanet Place; it was paid by a Mr. Parkins. Why he did so was a matter between themselves, and Parkins did not practise as an attorney in his name. Since the present proceedings, he (Mr. Bingham) had received four shillings from Stowell, and had attended a case for him at Judge's Chambers, but he had not on that occasion represented Stowell as his clerk, nor had he done so at Horsemerger Lane Jail, but at the latter place Stowell himself had done so, in order to visit prisoners there. Such is the evidence of the attorney, from which it is clear, that while carefully avoiding representing Stowell as his clerk, he had connived at such false representation (which could only have been made for purposes of pecuniary profit) by Stowell himself. It should be publicly known that an attorney allowing an unqualified person to act in his name, or in any way acting as agent for such person, is liable to be struck off the roll, and the party so acting to a year's imprisonment. Has the law in this case been broken, or if not, has it been evaded? If it has been evaded, it should be amended at once, for the subject is of greater importance to the public than the public are aware of. Such an ill-omened "understanding" as that between an attorney and an ex-common-informer—one of them taking an office, and holding it out to the public in the name of the other, taking instructions in that office on matters of business, paying the other beggarly fees, having him at call where professional attendance is required before a judge, and visiting prisoners as the clerk to the attorney, who for his own part, swears that he does not and never did represent the man to be such clerk—is more dangerous to the property and security of a small trading neighbourhood than a blazing manufactory in its centre. Is there not a chartered association, called the Incorporated Law Society, whose office is in Chancery Lane, and whose peculiar province it is to protect the public from such "understandings?"

The parochial guardians of Marylebone still refuse to act upon the request of the Poor Law Board for the dismissal of the master implicated in the flogging case, although the Board point out that by statute it can by its own power dismiss any parochial officer for sufficient reason, even in opposition to the wish of the guardians, and although it threatens to exercise that power, if necessary, in the present instance. The insolent obstinacy of these men, their stolid indifference to public law and public opinion, affords a curious illustration of the marvellous effect of parochialism upon the intellect. It seems the women beaten were bad characters, and were upon the occasion in question disorderly and refractory. Thereupon they are cruelly beaten, and Ridding (one of the guardians) says that it served them right; while another, named Potter, tells the public that he (Potter) would have acted more severely. So that although by law no woman can be flogged for any offence whatever, although the act is one which meets with the execration of the entire country (except perhaps parish guardians, wife beaters, and other brutalised classes), the judgment of the master of Marylebone workhouse is to supersede the powers of magistrate and jury, and he is to be at once witness, judge, and executioner, with liberty to make all England shudder at an act of barbarity upon victims within his power only because poor and destitute. And all this is to be borne with by the nation, because Ridding (like the Cornish jury) brings a verdict of "Served 'em right," and Potter (unmarried, let us hope) "would have acted more severely!"

Mr. Smetzer, upholsterer, while riding in an omnibus, saw indications of an intended robbery by two female passengers. He gave the alarm, and the suspected persons at once left the vehicle, when it was discovered their object had been effected. Mr. Smetzer gave chase, and having left one in charge of an omnibus conductor, hunted the other into a cab, which dashed off, followed by the gallant Smetzer, who finding shouts unavailing, prevailed on the driver to stop by a well-placed blow of an umbrella. The prisoners are committed for trial, therefore Mr. Smetzer is in the usual course bound over to prosecute. And by the time Mr. Smetzer has wasted a few days out of his business to give evidence in the case, has endured the inconveniences, the elbowings, the indescribable combination of bad smells, the bullying and the sneers of a hired counsel (perhaps paid by the proceeds of a raffle in Gibbet Street for a stolen watch), and the other incidents of an English session, he will have received such an inkling of our criminal system as will probably prevent his interfering, for the future, with the customary avocations of a numerous and industrious, though felonious, class of his fellow-subjects. In any event, Mr. Smetzer, who to speak seriously, deserves the hearty thanks and approbation of the public, will receive nothing but his bare expenses as a witness, and the proud consciousness of having performed not only his own duty, but the policeman's.

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